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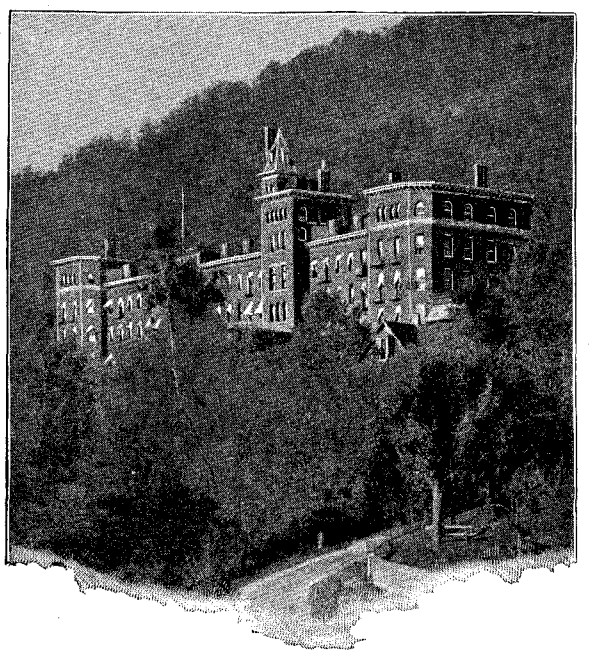

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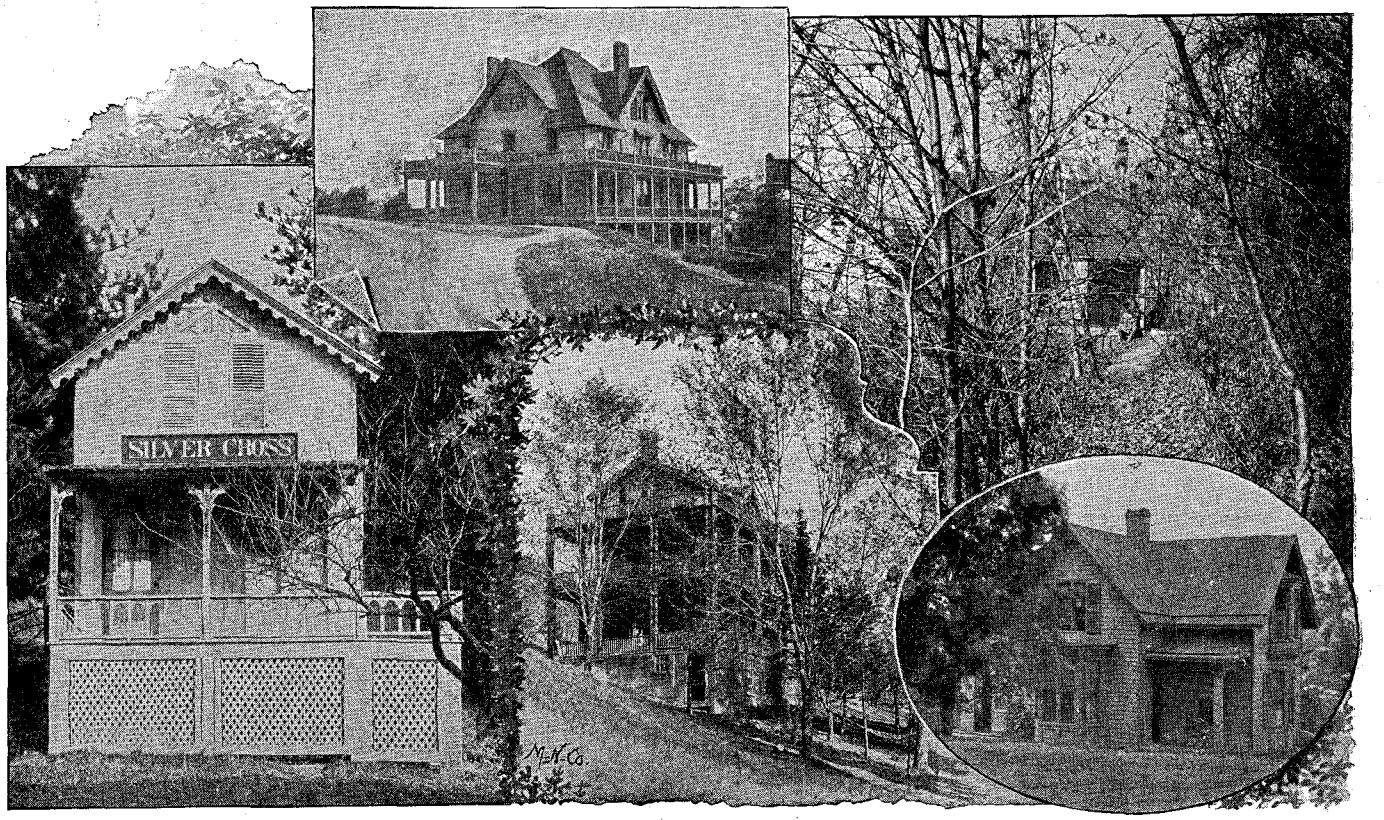

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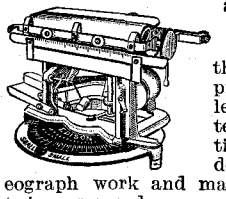

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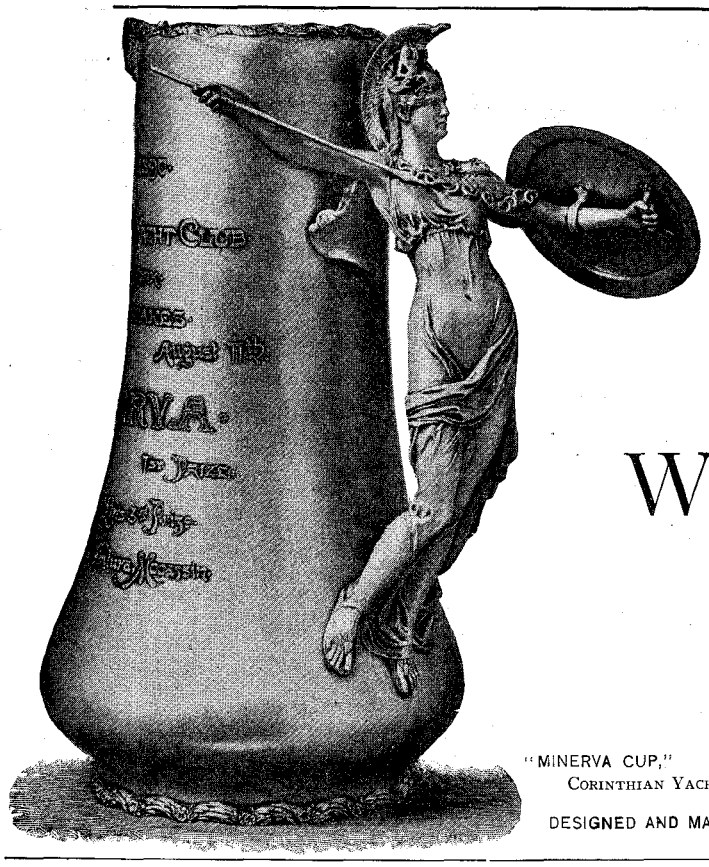

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 26 May, 1894 Number 21

The Week

THE bituminous coal miners' strike is rapidly becoming as important to the general business public as to the operators and workmen directly involved. Early last week soft coal became so scarce in the Eastern markets that the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railway companies seized all the coal they had in transit, no matter who was the owner. Some of the shippers were highly indignant at this action, but others accepted philosophically the railways' claim that they are authorized by unwritten law to make such seizures, in order to prevent the entire suspension of their traffic. The New York Central has discontinued all its work trains and some of its freight trains, because of the lack of coal, while the Grand Trunk road of Canada has closed its shops and refused to make further contracts for the shipment of grain to the East. Several large manufacturing concerns have already shut down, and great numbers must presently follow their example unless the strike is brought to an end. Meanwhile the Cleveland conference between operators and men seems to have ended in failure. The operators proposed a new schedule, on the basis of sixty-five cents a ton for Pennsylvania, but the men insisted on the old schedule, in which the basis for Pennsylvania was seventy-nine cents. The operators urged that, inasmuch as there had been a general fall in wages during the last year, the miners ought to accept a reduction; but the miners replied that the object of the strike was to resist this tendency to falling wages, and to restore business to a normal condition. Each side stood out stubbornly for its contention, though there were signs that each side was gloomy enough over the failure of the conference to reach an agreement.

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Meanwhile, in this miners' strike, as in the railroad strikes, the public bids fair to be the chief sufferer from the war, without, at present, any means of protecting its interests. To the philosophic student of life, such an event affords an extraordinary illustration of the slowness with which the public learns lessons in political economy. The whole industry of the country depends upon its ability to make available for its use the coal which was stored up on this continent ages before the discovery of America by Columbus. Our economic methods have suffered these coal treasures to pass into the hands of a small number of men, who have not created them, and whose chief, if not sole, social right of ownership lies in the fact that they have proved themselves possessed of the skill and power to make them available for the community. They have now proved themselves unwilling or unable to do this—unable because they cannot come to terms with their men, or unwilling because limiting the production raises the price. And the country patiently waits, while the factories stop their work and the railroads their trains, until the quarrel between the two contending parties is fought out to an issue. The time cannot be far distant when the people will interfere, and determine such labor controversies as these, even if it requires assuming a control of the coal-mining industries of the country.

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The International Miners' Conference, held in Berlin last week, was anything but a harmonious gathering. On the day that it assembled, a Catholic delegate made a vehement attack upon the Socialists, causing no little bad feeling. Two days later, a disagreement occurred between the English and the Continental delegates which led to the temporary withdrawal of the Englishmen from the Convention. The cause of the disagreement seems to have been the unwillingness of the English delegates to sanction the more radical proposals of the delegates from the Continent. For example, the Continental delegates advocated that employers should be made liable for all accidents to their employees, while the English insisted that the employer should be exempt from liability when the employee had been negligent. Also, the Continental delegates advocated the establishment of a minimum rate of wages for all countries; while the English insisted that national differences must be taken into consideration. The break came when upon some proposition the English delegates insisted that their vote should outweigh that of those from the Continent, inasmuch as they represented nearly one hundred thousand more miners. As the Continental delegates outnumbered the English delegates two to one, they indignantly repudiated this proposition, and the English withdrew amid shouts of derision. The incident points out once more that the times are not ripe for international agreements, except upon the broadest and most general principles. The attempt to establish the same industrial regulations for the well-organized and highly trained workmen of Great Britain and the disorganized and ill-trained workmen of the Continent must, for some time to come, end in failure.

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The vague rumors which have been circulating for weeks past regarding corrupt influences at work in shaping the tariff schedules took definite form last week. Upon the authority of the Senators immediately concerned, it was announced that Senator Hunton, of Virginia, and Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, had been approached by a South Dakota lobbyist with a direct proffer of money for votes. More scandalous and more incredible than this report of a bungling attempt at undisguised bribery was the charge, made by a leading Philadelphia paper, that Secretary Carlisle had himself drafted the new sugar schedules, and that the schedules were in fulfillment of an agreement made with the Sugar Trust during the last campaign, in return for a contribution of $500,000. Campaign contributions, to both political parties, by rich men

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and corporations having interests at stake, are believed to be so usual that this charge could not be lightly dismissed. Besides these direct charges were the continued rumors that one Senator after another was speculating in the securities whose value the Senators' action determined. Altogether there was abundant material for an investigation, and, on a resolution offered by Senator Lodge, one was unanimously ordered. The investigating committee appointed was an exceptionally strong one, consisting of Senators Gray and Lindsay (Democrats), Senators Lodge and Davis (Republicans), and Senator Allen (Populist). The Senate is now meeting at ten o'clock, and proceeding more rapidly than heretofore with the consideration of the Tariff Bill. The free-coinage Republican Senators generally sided with the Democrats in demanding the speediest possible consideration of the Tariff Bill.

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In the Missouri Democratic Convention the expected conflict between the supporters of free coinage and the supporters of the Administration resulted in a victory for the former. The opposition to free coinage seemed confined to the large cities. Even upon the Committee of Resolutions the free-coinage men were in the majority. Three members of the Committee, all from St. Louis, presented a minority report, reaffirming the silver plank in the National platform; but this report was voted down by a majority of three to one. The free-coinage resolution reported by the majority and adopted by the Convention was not, indeed, all that Mr. Bland could desire. While it demanded "the restoration of the bimetallic standard as it existed under the laws for over eighty years prior to the demonetization of the standard silver dollar in 1873," nevertheless it contemplated the possibility of a new ratio in order to keep the two metals in concurrent circulation. It, however, affirmed that before changing the size of either the gold or silver dollar it should be determined whether gold has risen in value or silver has fallen. As students are agreed that prices have remained practically uniform in the countries using a silver currency, this resolution would mean that the silver dollar should remain unchanged. Nevertheless, its wording must have been extremely distasteful to Mr. Bland and the radical silver men, who hold that a freely coined silver dollar would have the same value as a gold dollar, at least until enough silver could be coined to take the place of all the gold now in circulation.

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Another stage in the conflict between the people of Servia and King Alexander was reached on Monday, when the King accomplished another *coup d'état*, abolishing the Constitution of 1888, restoring that of 1869, and transforming the Government from a constitutional monarchy, with the power in the hands of the Legislature, and the King as its chief executive, with freedom of speech, of the press, of the Assembly, and of conscience, into a practically absolute monarchy. This radical and critical step has undoubtedly been taken under the advice of ex-King Milan. The Skuptchina, or national legislature, will be immediately dissolved, the Cabinet will be reorganized, and the fight between the King and the people of Servia will be brought to a crisis. Nine-tenths of the Servian voters are Radical, more than nine-tenths of the members of the Skuptchina were Radicals, and the King, having found it impossible to rule the country in the face of an overwhelmingly hostile majority, has chosen to abolish the Constitution and constitutional government, and take the reins in his own hands. The *coup d'état* was so unexpected that the Radicals are temporarily thrown into confusion by it, but the excitement throughout the kingdom is intense. The army is being held in readiness for any popular uprising, many army officers suspected of Radical inclinations have been retired, and many Radical leaders have fled the country.

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The feeling is growing in London that a dissolution of Parliament is close at hand. Sir William Harcourt is reported to have informed some of the Irish leaders that a general election may be looked for in July, and it is said that a similar intimation has been conveyed to the Liberal authorities. The Government will give its first attention to the Budget, then probably to the Registration Bill, and after that to the Evicted Tenants Bill. If the small majority should hold together after the passage of these bills, the disestablishment of the Church in Wales would come up, but there seems to be a very slender prospect that the Government will get beyond the Budget. It looks very much as if the Liberals were putting things in order for an appeal to the country. The National Liberal Federation has called a conference, to be held at Leeds on June 20, to take action on the attitude of the party toward the House of Lords. The manifesto declares that the time has come to give definite expression to the feeling of the party concerning the Upper House, which it calls "a standing menace to everything which we understand as representative government." Lord Rosebery believes strongly in a second chamber, but he believes in modifying the organization of the House so as to bring it more directly in harmony with the political development of the country. He is understood to favor the limitation of membership, the creation of a number of life peers, the exclusion of members who are unworthy to sit as legislators; he is also understood to favor the admission into the House of Commons of members of the peerage. There have been several agitations against the House of Lords, which have passed through various stages of intensity and have died out. There is not the slightest probability that the English are going to make so radical a change in their Constitution as would be involved in the abolition of the House of Lords, but it looks very much as if some serious modification in its organization would be effected. One proposition which will come before the conference at Leeds will be a proposal to limit the veto power of the Upper House to a single session. In other words, when the House of Lords vetoes a bill, if it is passed by the House of Commons at a subsequent session, it will become a law. It is understood that a considerable number of peers favor some change in the organization of the Upper House.

❀

The English Cabinet has lost a useful member by the retirement of Mr. Mundella. The late President of the Board of Trade was not in the front rank of Parliamentarians or platform speakers, but for more than twenty years past he has rendered good service to the Liberal party, and also to the country, during the periods he was in the Education Department and in the Board of Trade. During his recent tenure of the presidency of the Board of Trade he inaugurated several important reforms, chief among which are the establishment of the Labor Department and the introduction of the representatives of seamen to the marine and harbor boards at the seaports. After the revelations which were made in the Bankruptcy Court concerning a New Zealand Land and Loan Company of which Mr. Mundella was a Director, his retirement from the Cabinet was inevitable. It was not made clear that Mr. Mundella himself reaped any immediate advantage

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from the irregularities, but it was shown that his name had been appended to a prospectus inviting subscriptions to an issue of debenture stock in which statements were inferentially put forward which were, to say the least, utterly unwarranted by the condition of affairs which then existed in connection with the company. Mr. Mundella has not resigned his seat for the division of Sheffield, which he has represented since 1868 in the House of Commons, and he is still a Privy Counselor. Henceforward, however, he will be only a private member of the House, and it is to be feared that his official career has come to an end. This is greatly to be regretted. Mr. Mundella has a good political record, and he was at the head of a State Department for which he had a special fitness, both by training and by reason of his powers of organization and his mastery of detail. But since the Spencer-Balfour scandals of two years ago, the English people have become increasingly hostile to any public man who becomes involved in stock-jobbing or in the affairs of a joint-stock company which are at all tainted.

❀

Affairs at Bluefields continue in a state of uncertainty. The Mosquito chief, Robert Henry Clarence, has been boasting that the British would soon intervene to reinstate him to his rights. While they, and not the Americans, may have restored this chief, there is no indication of any conflict between the Powers, and the restoration may have been accomplished by concurrent action. It would be extremely interesting, however, to know the actual attitude taken by our own Government. Perhaps it is as Minister Baker is reported to have said, that "the white people have combined to meet the advances of the Latin race;" indeed, it is understood that, pending the return of Consul Seat, our interests are temporarily in charge of British representatives. Meanwhile how about the Clayton-Bulwer convention? Nearly all of the Nicaraguan troops have now been withdrawn from Bluefields and sent into the interior, much to the relief of the American traders. But, in spite of her stipulation, made in 1860, securing local government to the Mosquito Reservation, restless Nicaragua is never idle. Under the guise of an alleged concession, Commissioner Lacayo, with some of his henchmen, has formed a trading company, which claims the exclusive right to trade on the Bluffs. As Americans own these Bluffs, by right of $30,000 paid to the Mosquito Indians, there is a natural protest against this piracy. Lacayo's reply is that the Mosquitoes had no right either to sell land or to lease it for more than eight years. The life of Minister Baker just now can hardly be a happy one, though the dispatching of our cruiser New York has evidently produced a wholesome effect on Nicaragua. This is seen in the fact that a peremptory demand that the murderer of the American, Wilson, be brought quickly to justice, along with his accomplices, has been answered by a reply which promises everything. As no one believes these words, however, Minister Baker and Captain Watson have been instructed to see personally that justice is done. It is surprising that there was no mention made of a request by us for indemnity to the murdered man's family. The whole situation will not be without its lessons on our future course in those unsettled regions, particularly in case the Nicaragua Canal should be constructed.

❀

It is difficult for a paper which desires to be non-partisan to interpret fairly the action of Governor Flower in vetoing several of the most important bills passed by the late New York Legislature, because both the Governor's vetoes and the legislative acts vetoed are palpably partisan in their spirit and purpose. A committee of the Legislature is investigating municipal affairs in New York City. The Governor vetoes an appropriation of $25,000 provided in order to pay the expenses of this investigation. His eulogy of Tammany really does not sustain his veto, for if Tammany rule is good it can bear investigation, and if it is evil it ought to be investigated; and, as the "Evening Post" has well pointed out, it is the distinctive duty of the Legislature to conduct such investigations, as a possible basis for legislative action, and as a protection to the people of the State. The arguments of Governor Flower in this message would logically lead to the conclusion that the people may never inquire through their Legislature into charges of maladministration.

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The Governor's veto of four measures for the reorganization of the police departments of four municipalities appears to us to be better grounded, for the reasons which he thus states:

"They are framed upon no general or consistent principle of legislation or municipal administration. One reposes the management of the Police Department in the Mayor and a Chief of Police, to be appointed by the Mayor. Another virtually takes away from the Mayor the power to appoint Commissioners, and confers it upon a minority and a majority of the Common Council. A third takes the power of appointment away from the Board of Supervisors and County Judge, where it has been for over twenty years, and makes the office elective. The fourth retains the power of appointment of Commissioners in the Mayor, but strips his appointees of practically all executive authority and confers it upon one of their subordinates, in whose appointment they will have no voice until the present incumbent dies, resigns, or is removed upon charges. Two of the bills provide for partisan police commissions, two for bi-partisan commissions."

We have no doubt that the police departments of New York, Albany, and Troy ought to be reorganized, but that reorganization ought to be based upon some consistent principle. It is not statesmanship to confer upon Mr. Byrnes, of this city, autocratic powers which it would not be safe to confer upon Superintendents of Police in other cities. True statesmanship would seek to adopt some principle of police administration equally applicable to all large cities, and then to apply that principle in the organization of the police in all such cities. For reasons which we have heretofore stated, we do not believe in the bi-partisan commission. We do believe in investing the power of the police department in one head, to be appointed by the Mayor, and probably to be removable only upon charges of inefficiency or malfeasance. Certainly it is clear that the Legislature has not acted in a statesmanlike manner in the framing of these four inconsistent bills, and it will be better for the localities affected to remain for a little while longer under a bad system, if, as a result, a permanent and consistent system can eventually be secured. The matter is one which demands the attention of the Constitutional Convention.

❀

The compulsory education law for New York State, passed by the Republican Legislature and signed last week by the Democratic Governor, illustrates how completely all parties have repudiated the dogma that "individual liberty" involves the right of parents to bring up their children in ignorance. The new law allows to parents the largest possible latitude as to how the children shall be instructed, but it requires that all children between eight and twelve shall be instructed throughout the entire public-school years. Children between twelve and fourteen must be instructed during at least half of the legal school year; and children between fourteen and sixteen must attend school when not lawfully and regularly employed.

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Attendance officers are provided for the execution of the law. It is worthy of note that this law, prepared by the Council of School Superintendents of the State, was especially indorsed by the labor organizations, though its immediate effect will be to reduce the income of a great many laboring-class families. We have observed before that nearly all of our so-called socialistic legislation, instead of supplying the material needs of the working classes, actually makes it harder for working-class parents to supply those needs. Compulsory education is another example of this tendency. It sets a higher standard of civilization and requires parents to conform with it, no matter if they must forego certain material wants.

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We have received during the week another package of lottery tickets, forwarded to us by a Connecticut subscriber whose firm was asked to act as agent. Our correspondent writes us that a half-dozen similar packages were received at the express office of his little town. The firm sending them was the one to which a Maryland correspondent, quoted last week, had called our attention. Its headquarters prove to be Kansas City, Kan., instead of Kansas City, Mo. Like the other firm with the same headquarters, it gives as references nearly every express company having an office in Kansas City. The Adams Express Company, the American, the Pacific, Wells-Fargo, and the United States are all named. We trust that our Kansas subscribers will write indignant protests to Governor Lewelling and to the State press demanding the suppression of these apparently National gambling-dens. The real conflict, however, is at Washington, for so long as the express companies are permitted to carry lottery matter from State to State the suppression of lotteries at one point only means their springing up at another. In Florida the Attorney-General, instead of doing what he could under the present law to suppress the great lottery headquarters at Port Tampa, has given his opinion that he must wait until the Legislature amends the law. As the Legislature does not meet this year, and the politicians are not willing that $50,000 shall be spent upon a special session, the Lottery Company has secured the postponement desired. Every State can be trusted to prohibit local lotteries from plundering its own people, but the Nation alone has the power and the duty of protecting the people of every State against the corrupting and impoverishing operations of foreign lottery companies. We are glad to receive from Pennsylvania the following resolution adopted by the State Association of Congregational Churches:

"*Resolved*, That we, the Congregational Churches of Pennsylvania in annual Association at Johnstown, urge upon the Congress of the United States the speedy passage of effective anti-lottery laws; and unanimously repudiate the recent arguments against such laws offered by Senators from Missouri and Maryland, based upon their probable interference with church fairs. It is our well-considered opinion that all profit from games of chance should be unsought and unshared by the churches, whose mission in the world is to proclaim God and eternal law."

Copies of this resolution were sent to Pennsylvania's Senators, and to most of her Representatives at Washington. We cannot urge too strongly that similar action be taken by individual churches as well as by church conferences. It is the number of the protests which tells, rather than the magnitude of the organizations making them.

❀

According to the reports which reach us, both through the press and through private sources, the opening meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly was a "bear-garden." The partisanship was as intense as in a political convention. The conservative candidate for Moderator was elected by the comparatively narrow majority of seventeen votes. It is both affirmed and denied that his competitor, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of Portland, Ore., was a representative of the liberal, or progressive, wing. The successful candidate, Dr. S. A. Mutchmore, declined to follow the precedents, and did not appoint Dr. Brown Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, on whose action the trial of Dr. Smith, of Lane Seminary, will in some respects depend. The tradition which requires such appointment does not seem to us a very wise one, but in disregarding it the Moderator certainly should have appointed one who would represent the same views, and this, as we understand the facts, he has not done. Reports are again rife of a desire on the part of the extreme conservatives to compel the more advanced liberals to withdraw from the Presbyterlan Church, in order to pave the way for an organic union between the Southern and Northern Churches. Next to the trial of Dr. Smith, whose condemnation for holding views akin to those of Dr. Briggs is probably a foregone conclusion, the sharpest issue before the Assembly is presented by two reports, one of which proposes that all the theological seminaries of the Church shall come under the direct control of the General Assembly, the other of which proposes to continue the present *quasi* ecclesiastical independence of those seminaries. Further details of the proceedings in the Assembly, from our special correspondent, will be found on another page.

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Professor Henry Morley, who died at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, last week, was one of the best-known writers on the historical side of English literature. Born in London in 1822, educated in Germany and at King's College, London, he began his professional life as a physician, but soon exchanged the practice of medicine for teaching, which vocation in turn he abandoned for journalism, becoming the editor of the "Examiner" after he had been for some time a contributor to "Household Words." His industry was untiring, and from the time when he began to write until the day of his death his pen was hardly ever laid aside. The volumes which he wrote or edited would fill a respectable alcove in a library. His "First Sketch of English Literature," which appeared twenty years ago, was so useful by reason of the vast amount of information which it put together that it has already passed its twenty-eighth edition. At the time of his death Professor Morley was at work on an immense undertaking, a history of English literature under the title of "English Writers," which was to be completed in about twenty volumes, and of which seven or eight have been published, bringing the record down to the Shakespearean age. The "Carisbrooke Library," "Cassell's National Library," "Morley's Universal Library," which already includes more than sixty volumes, a "Library of English Literature," which fills five volumes, an edition of Florio's Montaigne and of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," fairly represent the work of this indefatigable writer. For nearly ten years Professor Morley was English Lecturer at King's College. He then became Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, and filled many other positions both as instructor and lecturer. Professor Morley was in no sense a man of original power; his critical instinct was never finely developed; but among the men who have dealt with English literature from the historical side no one has been more arduous, sincere, or tireless.

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A fortnight since we commented upon the Arctic expeditions of this year, and it is not without interest also to

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note two circumstances in connection with the progress which is being made towards exploring the lands of the Antarctic Circle. They are, that the proposed English expedition has received the support of the Challenger's geographer, Dr. John Murray, and also of Admiral Sir Erastus Ommaney; and that the "Prensa" of Buenos Ayres announces that a Norwegian ship has made important discoveries near Graham Land. This is an outpost of that vast region which bears no trace of land flora or fauna. By some narrow avenues of entrance through the apparently unbroken ice-wall guarding the region, Dr. Murray hopes to force his way to the land-mass which he claims is not less than four million square miles in area, and having mountain ranges whose peaks tower from two to ten thousand feet high. An ice-sheet covers all the land and extends out into the sea, where it finally ends in the before-mentioned steep and impenetrable cliffs. This is the reason why Victoria, Graham, Enderby, and all the other lands discovered about the Antarctic Circle have not been explored. In lands within the Arctic Circle, and up to the eighty-second parallel of latitude, there are found flowers and butterflies, but in the Antarctic region, owing to its low summer temperature, there is no trace of land vegetation or animal life. On the contrary, in the Antarctic seas, so says Dr. Murray, the fauna "is apparently more abundant and more peculiar than that of any region of the ocean's bed." It was in this service, rather than in land exploration, that the Challenger expedition was a success, for "the great bone-bed of the world" lies on the floor of the Antarctic Ocean. In one haul the trawl of the Challenger brought up, besides many other bones, more than fifteen hundred giant sharks' teeth. In addition to new facts relative to land and sea, another service which further exploration might accomplish in the South Pole region would be in clearing up the ignorance about the origin and distribution of Antarctic drift-ice, and of atmospheric pressure in those high latitudes. Modern improvements in sledge traveling, collapsible boats, and other paraphernalia may in time do as much to familiarize us with the Antarctic as with the Arctic region.

Mr. Crooker's Mistake

In New York State we have no doubt that the system of public education can be materially improved, possibly needs even radical reorganization; but we do not think that such improvement will be found along the lines and by the methods recommended by the present Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. James F. Crooker.

Under our present system the State is divided into school districts; each school is under the administration of the commissioners of the district; these commissioners are elected by universal suffrage, and no qualifications are attached to the office—either of character, intelligence, or property. The consequence is the selection, in some districts, of commissioners notoriously incompetent, and in others of some notoriously immoral. The district taxes itself, and is further aided by a State tax, which amounts to about four and a quarter million dollars annually. There is a Commissioner of Public Instruction whose jurisdiction extends over the State, who is elected by joint ballot of the Legislature, and who ordinarily owes his election to political affiliations, if not to political services. This is the organization of the primary and common school system.

The higher education is intrusted to the general supervision of a Board of Regents, twenty-three in number, including the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction, *ex officio*; the Regents being elected in the same manner as United States Senators, and serving without salary. Some of the most eminent men in the State have served on this Board. The institution most closely resembling it is the University of France, as organized by Napoleon in 1808, twenty-four years after that of the State of New York, and clearly modeled on it. This Board of Regents has for its duty to promote academic education, and to exercise a certain oversight over all incorporated institutions of secondary and higher instruction, together with the State Library and Museum. Last year this Board expended a total of $237,539, of which a little over $112,000 went to the aid of academies, and about $80,000 to museums and libraries.

In his report for 1894 Mr. Crooker recommends the consolidation of these two departments, by the practical abolition of the Board of Regents. The ground of his recommendation is economy. He avers that by the present system "a vast amount of the public money is diverted from the original purpose in furnishing higher education to a small number of a favored class," and this money, he claims, should "go towards increasing the salaries of common-school teachers." This "vast amount" is the $112,000 referred to above, out of a total educational expenditure of nearly $20,000,000; if this "vast amount" were all diverted from the secondary and higher education, and appropriated, as Mr. Crooker desires, "toward increasing the salaries of common-school teachers," it would add about one cent a day to the salaries of the average country teachers.

We undoubtedly want in the State of New York educational reforms which will make the system more systematic and more simple. But we must look in just the opposite direction for these reforms. Mr. Crooker needs to "right about face." We need to take our schools out of politics, instead of putting them deeper into politics. We need some legal qualifications for school commissioners. We need some equalization of local school taxation, which shall secure a nearer approximation to uniformity of standards in the school districts. We need to amend the present law so as to require a certificate from the Board of Regents, after examination passed, as a condition of appointment as teacher in a public school. We need to make, not less, but better and more effective provision for academies and higher education. We ought to add to our present system either a State University, or, what would perhaps be better, a provision such that any graduate from a high school or Latin school might, on passing a certain competitive examination, receive a scholarship, payable, not in cash, but in educational facilities in some one of the numerous colleges which already exist in the State. And we want to enlarge the function and powers of the Board of Regents in accordance with such a reform movement.

We are glad to say that this is not our opinion only; influential educators and influential journals in this State are spontaneously agreeing in their condemnation of Mr. Crooker's mistake.

Energetic Waiting

One of the most successful men in the country, in reply to the question how he succeeded in doing so many difficult things, said: "I can wait longer than any one else in this country except the Roman Catholic Church." His capacity for biding his time was a great element of success in the large and difficult enterprise which he undertook, and which he carried through. Small things can be done in a hurry; large things require time; and the largest things require often a great deal of time. It is only the

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man of long thought and unwearied patience who can secure them. Waiting is a great element in a life that succeeds on a large scale; but it is not waiting with one's hands folded; it is waiting with energy and intelligence. The man who waits in this sense is always at work to secure the end he has in view. His energy is untiring, but his intelligence keeps his method normal and adapted to the purpose. It saves him from the folly of trying to secure by a single output of energy something which must be fostered by growth, and which, therefore, requires time. Most things come to those who wait energetically and intelligently; who keep steadily in mind the end they wish to attain; who are not hurried, discouraged, or deflected from their purpose; who keep quietly on year after year, steadily nearing the goal and finally touching it as the culmination of a flow of energy which has often seemed to be suspended and sometimes to be diverted, but which has never for an instant deviated from the thing which it sought.

Is Suffrage Her Right?

If the ballot belongs by right to every woman, nothing more remains to be said. Let justice be done though the heavens fall. That other women do not wish to vote; or that men are unwilling that women should vote; or that woman suffrage will imperil the refinement and delicacy of womanhood, or will threaten the peace of families; or that giving suffrage to all women will add to the complications which giving suffrage to all men has produced, and will swell the ignorant and the superstitious, if not the immoral and purchasable, vote, are considerations wholly immaterial, if woman has a right to the ballot. For it can never be just to refuse, from motives of expediency, to do justice. Rather let us say, justice is always expedient. To put the case concretely: If Miss Anthony has a right to the ballot, the rest of the people of the State of New York have no right to refuse it to her.

It is necessary, then, to consider the fundamental question, On what does the so-called right of suffrage depend? Who has a right to the ballot?

In our judgment, no one, whether man or woman, has a right to the ballot unless that right has been conferred upon him by a pre-existing government. The right of suffrage is not a natural, but an acquired, right. A. has no more right to vote in a general election than he has to vote in the United States Senate, unless that right has been conferred upon him. In the one case it is conferred by act of legislature; in the other case it is conferred by the act of the people in framing the Constitution of the State.

Every member of the community has a right to have his life, his liberty, and his property protected. This right does not depend upon any precedent action of the community. It does not depend upon his age, residence, intelligence, wealth, or other conditions. The child five years old has the same right to have his life protected, his liberty guarded (though liberty means to a child not what it does to an adult), and his property defended, as has the man of fifty; the alien has the same right as the citizen; the ignorant man the same right as the scholar. If the Government violates these rights, it is despotic; if it fails to protect these rights, it is inefficient. But he has no such right to vote. This right to vote is conferred by the community; and is made dependent on certain conditions which the community arbitrarily determines. One must possess a certain amount of property; or he must have paid a poll tax; or he must possess a certain defined and ascertained degree of intelligence; and in all communities he must have acquired a residence; must be a citizen; must have attained a certain conventional age. None of these are natural conditions, not even that of age. Many a boy of eighteen is more competent to vote than some voters of twenty-five. Of two men, if one has resided in the district a day less than the other, he cannot vote; yet it would be absurd to say that this single day makes any real difference in his interests or his competence. It is clear from these considerations that the right to vote is not, like the right to life, liberty, and property, a natural right, for the defense of which governments are instituted among men. It is an acquired right, conferred by the community and wholly dependent on the action of the community. The citizen is as truly elected to be a voter by those who are already voters, as he is elected to be a Representative or a Senator.

Government is not an end, but a means to an end: its object the protection of the members of the community in their natural rights. Democracy is simply one of the methods designed by men to accomplish this end. It certainly is not the only method; and even those who believe, as we do, that it is the ultimate method toward which all other methods will eventually conduct the world, must recognize the fact that it is not always the best method for all peoples in all stages of natural development. There is no more a divine right of democracy than there is a divine right of kings. It would not be advantageous for Egypt if England were to withdraw and leave the Egyptians to self-government. It would not be advantageous for the Indians if the United States were straightway to abandon all the Indian tribes to such government or no-government as they could organize and conduct for themselves. Those in any community who possess the political power are bound so to use that power as to protect the lives, liberty, and property of all the members of that community, and to secure their protection in future generations. We have hit upon what we call universal suffrage as a method of securing these ends. By universal suffrage we mean that those men may vote who are of a certain conventional age, who have lived a certain length of time in the district, and, if foreign born, have gone through a certain form which we call naturalization. We were under no obligation to establish these conditions of suffrage; we are under no obligation to maintain them. If those who now possess the power believe, as some of us do, that requiring additional qualifications in the voter would give us a better government, we should have the right—not only the political right but the moral right—to require these conditions, though it excluded from the ballot-box some who now have access to it. No one can, in fact, vote in any community except those to whom the community has given the suffrage; no one has morally a right to vote except those on whom the community has, in the exercise of a sound political wisdom, conferred that right. The right to vote is wholly an acquired right.

How, then, about "taxation without representation." Has not every one who is taxed a right to vote? Clearly not. Like many other abused phrases, this one has had a meaning attached to it which its framers did not attach to it. The Colonists claimed that a community, if taxed, ought to be represented; they did not claim that every individual taxed ought to be represented. If this new doctrine were true, all imported goods should be sold to Indians with the duty taken off; for the duty is a tax, and the Indian does not vote. If it were true, all the lands in the United States owned by foreigners—and there are many thousands of acres so owned—should be exempt from taxa-

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tion, for the foreigners do not vote. If it were true, every man who owns real estate in any district ought to have a vote in that district; but, in fact, no man has more than one vote, and he votes where he lives, not where he is taxed. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether there are in the United States more women taxed but not represented, than there are men not represented in the communities where they are taxed. Every person whose rights are protected by government is morally bound to contribute to the expenses of that government. His duty does not depend upon his privilege of voting; his payment does not confer on him a right to vote.

Neither men nor women, then, have any abstract and natural right to vote. There is no duty laid upon the people of the State to extend the suffrage to women on the ground that suffrage is a natural right. There is no injustice to be rectified, no act of justice to be done. The Constitutional Convention has one duty, and only one, to perform in the premises: namely, to provide the best possible present and future government for the State of New York. It has one and only one question to answer: namely, Will the further extension of the suffrage conduce to the best political, industrial, and social well-being of the people of the State? In determining this question it must take into consideration the probable effect of such extension on the home, in introducing possible dissensions; on woman, in imposing upon her a burden which she is reluctant to assume; on men, in taking off from them a burden which they have hitherto borne; on society, in adding an unknown, if not an unknowable, element to the political forces of the State. The question is one of political expediency, not of political justice. On that question our judgment is clear. It is that political reform is to be looked for, not in any enlargement of the suffrage, but rather in some restrictions upon it. Possibly this is not popular doctrine: but to be true is better than to be popular.

Barnard College Once More

The selection of Miss Emily James Smith for the important position of Dean of Barnard College promises to mark another stage in the growth of that very promising institution. Miss Smith graduated from Bryn Mawr five years ago, having been previously a student at the Harvard "Annex." After her graduation she spent some time at Girton College. Of late she has been studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Chicago University, and will receive it in July. She is the author of an admirable volume of "Selections from Lucian," and is a young woman of fine attainments and rare promise. Barnard College has passed beyond the experimental stage, but its claims upon the citizens of New York have not yet been recognized. It is due to the fidelity and generosity of a few friends that the College has been able to meet its obligations. It was started on the basis of the need for its existence in this city; its only financial foundation was the agreement on the part of fifty persons to contribute $100 annually for four years.

In his recent report as Treasurer, which is a model of its kind, Mr. George A. Plimpton calls attention to the contrast between the recent history of this city and that of other cities in the matter of providing opportunities for the higher education of women. Boston, through the generosity of Mr. Durant, has Wellesley College at its doors, and, through that of Mr. Jacob Sleeper, Boston University within its limits; while across the Charles River stands Radcliffe College, steadily growing in influence and reputation. Mr. Goucher has placed the Baltimore Woman's College side by side with the Johns Hopkins University, which has also opened certain of its courses to women. The generosity of Dr. Taylor planted Bryn Mawr in the suburbs of Philadelphia; that of Sophie Newcomb, the beautiful college which bears her name at New Orleans, in alliance with Tulane University. In Chicago the splendid gifts of Mr. John D. Rockefeller have conferred upon men and women alike the great opportunities of the Chicago University, while in St. Louis the Mary Institute has been opened in connection with the Washington University. The metropolis is the last city in the country to provide the opportunities for a complete education to women. It has now those opportunities provided for it by the courage and faith of a few people; for the question at Barnard College is no longer whether the College will succeed, but whether it will be able to provide for the students who wish to avail themselves of it. It needs at once money for a site in the neighborhood of Columbia College, money for buildings, and money for an endowment. All these funds it is certain to secure, but it ought not to be obliged to wait a day for them. There is no finer opportunity in the city of New York for the generosity of intelligent women, who care for the best interests of their own sex, than that which is offered in Barnard College.

Editorial Notes

—"What Congress Has Done" is the telling title on the cover of a neat little pamphlet published by an enterprising New York City house. One turns the pages expecting some desirable information, and finds—a blank book!

—The Prime Minister of Madagascar has been sentenced to penal servitude for life for having talked politics in an offensive way to a certain prince. If talking politics in an offensive way were visited with a like penalty in this country, a very large number of voters would now be in permanent confinement.

—The obsequiousness of some foreign journals is humorous. We quote from the current issue of one of them: "The Crown Prince of Germany, near twelve years old, has had a very unpleasant experience. During his absence at Abbazia, a workingman of the name of Wilde, at Königshütte, made some disparaging remarks about him. The man has been sent to prison for nine months."

—Those Americans who are disposed to criticise Castelar for declaring that, in his judgment, the best form of government for Spain at this stage of its development is monarchy, would do well to note the jubilant articles in the Spanish papers inspired by the fact that a railroad train in that country has actually made a run of twenty-five miles in a little over an hour, without an accident!

—The students and graduates of the University of the City of New York said farewell to the old and very interesting building on Washington Square on Friday of last week, and it now remains for the citizens of New York to go through the same melancholy ceremony. There are so few buildings of any age in this city, and so few of any picturesqueness, that the disappearance of the University Building from Washington Square is a thing to be regretted.

—The proposal to cover public buildings in this city with Japanese ivy is an admirable one. It would be good under any circumstances, but, in view of the fact that the architecture of some of our public structures is what it is, the sooner the ivy is planted, and the more thoroughly it covers the buildings, the more attractive will the city become. If the Post-office, for instance, could be entirely covered with ivy, the æsthetic sense of New Yorkers would be spared many painful shocks.

—Last week we published a friendly criticism of foreign missions from the pen of Mr. Mozoomdar. This week we publish a graphic picture of the trials of home missionary life from an ex-home missionary. We know what answer to expect. The representatives of the various denominations will each exculpate his own sect and charge the other sects with the responsibility. It is not for us to sit in judgment. Some sects are more sectarian than others, and some Societies have more sectarian secretaries than others; but the evil will not be cured until the churches recognize how great the evil is, and demand such a co-operation of the Societies as will prevent a repetition of the experiences of Mr. Arthur.

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Artist-Authors

By Alpheus Sherwin Cody

THE publication of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" in "Harper's Magazine," following the successful appearance of "Peter Ibbetson," has turned the attention of the whole country, England and America included, to the artist as an author. "Peter Ibbetson" was a genuine success in fiction, and "Trilby" promises to be an even greater success. Howard Pyle says that he thinks every illustrator should be also a writer, though not every writer can be his own illustrator, for the reason that drawing requires a technical skill which is not by any means so easy to acquire as the more natural art of writing. Mr. Pyle has succeeded very distinctly as a writer as well as an artist, and we find Smedley writing articles, and Reinhart and Remington, not to mention Mary Hallock Foote, who is more of an author than an artist, she maintains.

George Du Maurier

I had a charming talk with Mr. Pyle recently, regarding the connection between illustration and writing fiction, during which he made the following interesting explanation:

"My own writing has come as naturally with my drawing as it possibly could. In writing, one gets a vague impression of a face. It is an impression, not a vivid delineation. For instance, one cannot so easily call to memory the features of an intimate friend as those of one with whom he is not so well acquainted. It is as if the features of the flesh dissolve into the soul that gives them life. One grows to know the soul better than the face. So it is with the face in a story. In a story you get the soul. The pencil gives a body to the words of the author, for as he clothes them they must henceforth walk in the world. That is why I say the arts of writing and delineation ought to go hand in hand."

Du Maurier's history is very peculiar. He was born just sixty years ago, in Paris, of English parents who had been French refugees during the Revolution. They wished him to be a chemist, and at twenty he had a laboratory of his own in London, I believe. But somehow the laboratory got turned into a studio. Finally he went to Paris, studied at Düsseldorf and elsewhere, and a few years later began work in London as an illustrator. But at the very beginning of his career he had a sad accident which deprived him of his sight for a long time, and he never more than half recovered it. This, however, seems not to have interfered with his work in the least. In 1864, soon after he was thirty, his first work appeared in "Punch," a very short time before Leech died. Naturally, he fell into Leech's place, and very soon made his own reputation, and Henry James declares that then for the first time "Punch" got a reputation as an art as well as a comic publication. Du Maurier also drew for the "Cornhill Magazine," representing every possible situation in the modern novel of manners. He wrote dialogues of greater or less length, and occasionally short sketches, which appeared for the most part in "Punch" and in "Harper's Magazine." But "Peter Ibbetson" was his first serious literary attempt. He wrote it at the suggestion of no publisher or editor, but simply because he wished to produce a novel to please himself. The manuscript, when finished, was sent to "Harper's Magazine" and accepted. Of course, "Trilby" was the natural result of the first success. One imagines it as a realistic and truthful account of his own experience in the art schools of Paris in his early twenties. Everything is natural enough and truthful enough, though there is such a sentimental glamour as memory is likely to give to events that happened more than thirty years before.

In Du Maurier's case the illustrations and the text are as completely blended as they possibly could be, and one is irresistibly driven to wonder if the story would have the same interest without the pictures. As Howard Pyle expresses it, the artist has given flesh and clothing to the soul he describes in his narrative. And, likewise, one cannot but wonder if Du Maurier could have drawn pictures with such loving care had he not been giving embodiment to a soul of his own creation. I make one note, however: There are two most beautiful portraits—that of Trilby and that of the sister of Little Billee. But their features are almost exactly the same. One wonders if Du Maurier can draw no more than one beautiful face of a woman. That one, however, is certainly perfect.

Howard Pyle lives almost alone in Wilmington, Del., and his absence from the world of men seems to have kept his just fame a little hazy. He is never in evidence in the newspapers, and not much in touch with the events of the day and the people of the day; and though illustrators commonly speak of him as the most solid and admirable of all our black-and-white artists, no full account of his personality has ever been published. He is a great big fellow, with a large, round face beaming with good humor, and his head is nearly bald, though he is still a young man. He is a person who makes a most comfortable, polished, and interesting friend, though he does not at all cultivate superficial acquaintances. He comes of an old Wilmington Quaker family, and he has always lived in Wilmington, except a few years he spent in New York when he was beginning his artistic career. His mother was an unusually intelligent lady, with a good deal of critical ability in art, and she fostered his artistic and literary proclivities from the first. When he was sixteen or seventeen he studied drawing for two years in Philadelphia, and then went into the leather business with his father. But he did not cease to think of art in the meantime, and sent a comic verse called "Magic Pills," with an illustration, to "Scribner's Magazine" (in 1876, before it became the "Century"), and it was accepted and published in "Bric-à-brac." An article on a breed of wild ponies on an island called Chincoteague, below Wilmington, illustrated of course, was soon after accepted by the same magazine, and an illustrated fairy story called "Drummer Fritz" was accepted by "St. Nicholas," all on the first offer. These gave the young artist-author a start. Roswell

Howard Pyle

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Smith, who was a friend of his father, advised Howard to come to New York (he was then twenty-one) and see what he could do.

So he went. At the same time, to introduce himself properly into artistic life, he sent an india wash-drawing to the Harpers, just to see what they would say about it. Abbey, Frost, and Reinhart were there at the time, and Frost has since told the story of what happened. They all three looked the drawing over, and one of them remarked: "Here is a young fellow come up to the city without any knowledge of drawing or any talent to speak of, and of course he is bound to fail. He can't help it. You can see from the drawing that he hasn't any talent." But the idea of the picture was so good that the Harpers accepted it and paid for it, though the drawing had to be done over.

Mary Hallock Foote

For the next two years he plodded on, doing comics for the most part, usually writing what he illustrated. The work was all pen-and-ink. He was fairly well paid, and had little difficulty in disposing of his work. He says that in his whole life he has not had half a dozen manuscripts and drawings rejected.

But, finally, he determined to do something more serious, and set to work to make a wash-drawing entitled "A Wreck in the Offing." He worked so hard on it, and so steadily, that he nearly worked himself into poverty. He says that he actually had not money for car-fare, and walked from Thirty-second Street to Franklin Square, when he took his work down to the Harpers at last. He knew the idea was a good one, but he feared the drawing would be considered a failure. But it was accepted at once and given a double page in the "Weekly." That finished making his fortune, and thereafter he did only the highest class of work. Two years later he returned to Wilmington, and from there he has sent out stories, novels, and sketches illustrated by his own pencil. Now and then he has illustrated for the work of others, but rarely.

Howard Pyle is much more of an artist than a literary man, though of late his interest in writing has greatly increased. But he no longer thinks of his art, either pictorial or verbal, but sets his eye on the ideal and realizes it in whatever way he best can. The two arts seem to him so closely interwoven, so interdependent, that separation would be unnatural, and for him impossible. Writing may have more and more charm for him; he may realize more and more the possibilities of expression in words—indeed, he fully understands that illustrative art can never convey the same ideas that the verbal art does; yet it is equally impossible for verbal art ever to take the place of the graphic art. Together they form a medium at once broad and comprehensive, and perfectly effective in conveying the thought and scene that one has imagined.

Mary Hallock Foote is an artist-author who is perhaps the best-known woman illustrator that we have, and at the same time she is as much an artist-author combined as is Howard Pyle. She, too, comes of an old Quaker family (like so many of our illustrators). Her ancestors were among the earliest settlers on the Hudson above New York, and her own early home was at Wilton. She had every advantage of education and society which the time and her parents' means afforded during the years immediately following the war, when, however, illustration was in its infancy. For four winters she studied art in New York, three at the Cooper Institute and one in the studio of Johnson Frost—that is, she studied art when she was not enjoying life, for she admits that she was not a very serious student, and could not well resist the social pleasures that were pressed upon her at the houses of the friends with whom she lived. Says she: "New York was the world to me, and its manifold life was 'all a wonder and a wild desire.' I was too happy to be serious about anything, and too mixed up learning to know myself and so many other things. Art never was to me, nor ever could be, the whole of life." Those who have read her stories will readily agree that had she not been a happy girl like other girls, and not too serious an art student, she never would have caught the simple spirit of girl life so sympathetically; for, after all, art does not exist for art's sake, but for the sake of the human life it may be the means of expressing; and one feels a thrill of genuine pleasure when Mrs. Foote owns that she had "a beautiful time when she was a girl," though she thought she was "working hard."

She married an engineer, and went out to Idaho to live, where she has been ever since and is now. She says the magnificent material for literary and artistic work came upon her so intensely that she determined to see what she could do with it. In order to illustrate what she wrote, she renewed her art studies, though she says her skill has always been defective. Until very recently she drew on the block of wood, after the old style, because she did not like to trust herself with a new medium. She is an author first, who has found out what an advantage it is to make one's own illustrations. Her first work was accepted by the "Century," and her books have been brought out from the first by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is noteworthy that the artist-author has never had to go through the discouraging process which beginners in literature pure and simple usually have to undergo. There are very few of them, but they have all been unusually successful. The combination of art and literature is a power in itself. When the two are mechanically set side by side, as in our great magazines, a wonderful result is gained, as is seen by their enormous success. But when the graphic art and the verbal are united in one and the same person, the result is more noteworthy still. It is like the discovery of a new kind of genius.

The Speech as Literature[1]

In the earlier days of the literary art, when life and its expression in speech were in closest relation, voice, gesture, and personality, revealed in face and bearing, were as much a part of literature as language itself. The Greek choral dance, which Mr. Moulton aptly calls "literary protoplasm," was the expression of the soul through all the forms at its command: words, song, gesture, movement. The balladist and, later, the bard gave their recitations or chanting monologues an effective accompaniment of intonation, accent, emphasis, and gesture; and the result was, in some cases, literature, which was something more than words set in beautiful or impressive order.

In like manner, there has always been an oratory which was something more than spoken thought, which has had all the elements of art, and has been, therefore, to the men who came under its spell, spoken literature. The great mass of speaking is, necessarily, for the moment only; it has an immediate object; it is addressed to a special audience; it finds its inspiration in an occasion. Such speaking is often forcible, witty, eloquent, and effective; but it is not literature. It is distinctly ephemeral, and, having accomplished its purpose, it is forgotten, like all other tools and implements of construction. The oratory which is literature, on the other hand, touches great themes, allies itself with beauty or majesty of form, and, although

[1] *Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis.* 3 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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addressed to an immediate and visible audience, makes its final appeal to that unseen but innumerable company who, in succeeding ages, gather silently about the great artists and are charmed and inspired by these unforgotten masters.

To this company of orators who made speech literature by dignity of theme, breadth of view, beauty of form, and harmony of delivery, George William Curtis belonged. He was not the greatest of those who, in this New World, have used the platform as a vantage-ground of leadership. He had not the organ-tones of Webster, nor the incisive style and matchless vocal skill of Phillips, nor the compass of Beecher; but in that fine harmony of theme, treatment, style, and personality which make the speech literature, he surpassed them all. Less effective for the moment than Phillips, his art has a finer fiber and a more enduring charm. When he spoke, it seemed as if one were present at the creation of a piece of literature. He saw his theme in such large relations, he touched it with a hand so true and so delicate, he phrased his thought with such lucid and winning refinement and skill, his bearing, enunciation, voice, and gesture were so harmonious, that what he said and his manner of saying it seemed all of a piece, and the product was a beautiful bit of art—something incapable of entire preservation, and yet possessing the quality of the things that endure. The enchantments of speech were his beyond any man of his generation, and he gave them a grace of manner which deepened and expanded their charm.

Perhaps the most obvious characteristic of Mr. Curtis's oratory was its harmony. There were no dissonances in it; none of that falling apart of thought and expression which so constantly mars the charm of public address. Thought, language, voice, and gesture flowed together, and ran at times like a shining stream, rippling into humor, breaking into musical cadences, but sweeping on with continuous and unbroken flow. Such speech was literature in a very high sense, because it was essentially art: native force, a trained personality, and a sure and varied craftsmanship combining in a result which obliterated all trace of processes, and existed only as a complete expression of a high and noble nature. For there was no dissonance between Mr. Curtis's aims and spirit and his oratory. The fatal fluency which makes a man the characterless reflection of the mood and moment was utterly alien to him; he was free from that beguiling immorality to which so many men of easy speech fall a prey—the immorality of high-flying rhetoric and low-flying thought and aim. He held himself above his gift, and turned all its possibilities of temptation into sources of power and influence. For he spoke out of a deep sincerity, and with a steadfastness of purpose which made his long public life one long integrity. There was a great personal peril in an optimism so persistently avowed, in an ideal of life so steadily held aloft in speech as splendid as itself: the peril of making the speaker's life meager and dwarfed in contrast with the richness and beauty of his art. But Mr. Curtis's life and his art were of a piece; and, while his judgment was not free from the errors which beset all human judgment, no man can point to any severance between the image of life which he revealed to the souls of countless young men and the life he lived with tireless industry and unflagging energy to the day of his death.

The harmony which characterized his addresses was significant of the artistic quality which he possessed in very rare degree. It is true that his life ran very largely in ethical channels, and that he used the platform especially to influence the wills of his auditors and to inspire them to definite courses of action; but even in dealing with moral questions he was pre-eminently an artist. Right thought and right action seemed to him essential to harmonious living; and he was moved not so much by the wrong against which he spoke as by the ideal of symmetrical life which its very existence violated and jeopardized. He was long in the very thick of the bitterest controversy of the century, but there was always a finer note than that of antagonism in his pleas and arguments: he touched the great chords of justice, freedom, and brotherhood. A reformer of a radical type, he always rose out of the atmosphere of agitation; it was not destruction which he sought; it was the demolition of the false construction in order that the noble lines of the true structure might become as clear to others as they were to him. Whether he pleaded for the emancipation of the slave or the removal of the last vestige of restriction on the private and public action of women, he spoke always as one before whose eyes a great vision of the future shines, and in whose soul that vision has become an article of faith. It was completeness and harmony of life which he sought; and while his ethical sense had a Puritan keenness and authority, it had also the wider vision and the broader relationships of one who sees life as a whole, and who sees it as a great harmony, whose final and eternal expression is beauty.

Art is so precious, and, in these later days, so rare and so difficult of possession, that it is hard to reconcile one's self to the disappearance of such an artist as Mr. Curtis. For, while the words which he spoke remain, the charm, the delicacy, the spell, can never be recalled; they are a part of that spoken literature which has often calmed or stirred the hearts of men, but which perishes even in the moment of its flowering. And yet, in a deep sense, all art is imperishable; for the goal of ultimate excellence can never be touched in any generation without imparting that deep and noble delight which is the swift recognition by every soul of its own ideals. When art comes back to us once more, in some riper and sweeter time, perhaps we shall care more for the delight of its birth than for its power to persist. When the streams run with brimming current, we are indifferent to the reservoirs; our joy is not in the volume of water, but in the sweep and rush of the living tide.

H. W. M.

The Christening of Janet Grace

By Mary Lanman Underwood

The three chief mourners walked 'cross-lots from the burying-ground and up through the orchard, home. The mother and the sister-in-law of the dead woman went in front, stepping with prim self-consciousness engendered by their new black. Occasionally they spoke together about the funeral in low tones, but Lemuel was not included in the conversation. Nor did he make any attempt to join in it, although he followed directly in their wake, his long, shambling gait reduced to something like precision by the decorousness of their example.

The keen fall weather had held off until late this year, and the overripe fruit lay in wasting abundance under the trees. In the intermediate spaces the scant, uneven crop of autumn grass still stood freshly erect, save where the fruit-gatherers had tracked devious, undulating paths. It was along these that the little company made its solemn way.

When the women reached the foot of the offset, they turned as if by prearrangement, and Sarah addressed her brother.

"You sit right down here, Lemuel, and rest awhile," she said. There was an insistent note in her voice, roused, even under the present sad circumstances, by his easy-going nature. "Mrs. Backwell and I'll see that everything is made comfortable in the house."

The elder woman had already begun to ascend the irregular stone steps.

"Yes, we will," she called back, with kind impatience. "Come, Sarah, the baby'll need us."

Lemuel stood and watched them, staring dully, until their swaying black dresses had disappeared. Then his whole body seemed to relax; his shoulders drooped forward; his hands went into his trousers pockets. His ordinary, phlegmatic countenance, now dignified by a genuine sorrow, shone out with strange whiteness under the black brim of his derby hat. After a moment he turned mechanically and seated himself on his favorite stone beside the horse-trough.

He was aware, quite as clearly as if she had put it into

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words, that his sister had left him outside to grieve. Sarah had always shown a very nice sense of the fitness of things. He knew that it was on her suggestion that the hired man from their father's was to do his share of the evening work; she had foreseen that he would want this opportunity to think about Belinda. And yet, try as he might, he could not seem to remember anything more about her than the minister had recalled by his words at the service. What a good, dutiful wife she had been to him for ten years; how frugal in all her ways, amiable in all her actions; even in this sudden taking off spiritually prepared, as few are, to go.

The soft, regular tread of the cows coming up from the pastures reached his ear without meaning; he heard the familiar bustle and noise beginning inside the barn as something very far off; gradually his head dropped forward on the arms which he had folded on the trough's edge.

Presently there arose, above the sound of the flowing milk and the monotonous chewing of cuds, the shrill wailing of a young child. It acted upon Lemuel like a shock. He raised his head and glanced about with a startled, bewildered expression. The baby! the baby! he repeated, blankly. For the first time he began to ask himself what the existence of the child meant. The grief which a moment before had seemed so vague, so moderate, at once began to define itself. *She* had been taken and the child had been left—this helpless, undesired baby girl. A sudden unreasoning rebellion rose within him that, in spite of her baby innocence, she had robbed him of all he loved best.

One of the hired men now came to the door of the barn and paused on seeing Lemuel. His stolid face expanded in a look of mingled curiosity and sympathy. Lemuel, unaccustomed as he was to be in any way conspicuous, flushed slowly through his roughened skin.

"Here, let me take those," he exclaimed, with embarrassed haste, extending his hands for the brimming milk-pails which the man held.

The tea-table was set when he entered, and Sarah and Mrs. Backwell were moving about with an air of occupation that would have deceived only a man.

Sarah's features, unlike those of her brother, were all prominent. Her wide, firm mouth and sharp eyes more than fulfilled the promise of her angular, uncompromising bearing. Authority appeared to radiate from her. Mrs. Backwell, on the contrary, although several years older, still retained a little of the mellow charm of love and maternity. Her hair, of a yellowish-white color, drawn back from her forehead in regular waves, softened the lines of age; excitement or fatigue still tinged the thin skin with a second bloom. A stranger might not have detected the strength of will indicated by the tense downward curve of the lips.

Both women watched Lemuel furtively from under their lowered lids as he approached his chair. There were but three places laid, and each waited in breathless expectancy to be summoned to the head of the table. They waited so long that at last Lemuel glanced around in puzzled inquiry.

"Aren't you ready?" he said.

Mrs. Backwell was near to the side seat, and she sank nervously into it. Sarah, dragging up a chair opposite, began to reach across for the tea-things. Lemuel faced the open space, but he did not once look up. The women, however, continued to eye each other with awkward dignity. Each was aware that the other had hoped to take the precedence.

When the meal was about half finished, the dismal cry which had so overcome Lemuel in the afternoon sounded in the room overhead. Sarah and Mrs. Backwell both started up.

"I think I'd better go," said Mrs. Backwell.

"No," declared Sarah, positively. "Your tea 'll get cold."

But Mrs. Backwell was not so easily managed. She remained standing, and, after an instant's hesitation, Sarah joined her, and they went up together. In a little while the sounds of distress ceased, and Lemuel could hear their voices in renewed discussion. "I will carry her," his sister was saying. "No," advised Mrs. Backwell, "let her stay in the cradle." A queer, bumping noise on the staircase followed, and in a moment the door opened and the two women entered. They bore between them a curious old wooden cradle, built on low rockers. Outside it was painted a dull and gloomy green, but within its warm depths the baby lay pink and drowsy. They set the cradle down at Lemuel's feet with almost the air of conquerors.

"She'll be your comfort," said the grandmother. She spoke joyously, as one whose own consolation had already begun.

But Lemuel averted his eyes hastily from the cradle.

"Take her away!" he cried, rising so violently that his chair was overturned. Then, uncomfortable at having made such a show of feeling, he moved toward the door. "You and Sarah do what you think is right by her," he added, more quietly, from the threshold.

From that day on neither grandmother nor aunt made any attempt to force the baby on Lemuel's attention. Before long, in fact, each became so absorbed in her individual authority and love for the child that Lemuel's claim dropped entirely out of sight. In the same way they gradually ranked him the least important member of the household. He came and went methodically, neither questioning nor being questioned. The baby never appealed to him as in need of his care. She was surfeited with attentions by the two women whose lives had become an unacknowledged competition on her account. It was almost pitiful to see how tenacious they were of each small privilege. They had come, by tacit agreement, to divide the care of the baby about equally. They bathed and dressed her, for instance, on alternate mornings. For a time each forbore, with admirable self-control, any criticism of the other's ways. In Sarah this was a conscious act of justice; with Mrs. Backwell it was wholly instinctive delicacy. Neither realized the depth of affection which the child had roused in the other. To Mrs. Backwell Sarah appeared hard and unresponsive, sitting upright as she would for hours with the baby held across her knee. The elder woman was not fine enough to catch the soft light of gratification which shone on Sarah's face if by chance the baby hand tightened about her finger. Sarah, on her part, was out of all patience with the rocking and crooning and caressing in which Mrs. Backwell indulged. But so far as the baby herself was concerned, they managed to agree in magnifying many of the commonest signs and habits of child nature.

They were alike proud and anxious to display her upon all occasions. The neighbors, after a little, did not disguise their annoyed amusement at the absorption which would make both women break off in the middle of an interesting bit of gossip in order to watch the baby crow. Mothers who did not know what it was to miss their thriving families stared at the fervor which possession brought to these two self-centered lives. Moreover, this feeling was deepened by a secret insecurity. Although Lemuel submitted to being set aside, to having his comfort neglected and his opinion ignored, each dreaded lest he might some day rouse himself and put the baby definitely into the charge of the other. Each had a comfortable home, but neither so much as suggested, in Lemuel's presence, the possibility of returning, although they aimed frank hints at each other in private.

"Ain't you afraid your wall-paper'll mildew, shut up so long?" Sarah would inquire, pointedly.

"Mine's a dry cellar," her companion would reply, imperturbably.

But later in the day she could be heard to remark: "How your stepmother must miss what help you've been able to give her in the salting-down—though I suppose your weak back hindered your being of much use over the barrels!"

In spite of these significant encounters, however, the friction between them did not become open until the question of naming the baby was raised. The baby, now

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three months old, was, as a neighbor expressed it, "spindling;" and, although both Sarah and Mrs. Backwell refused to admit this fact, they were for once united in thinking that to delay in christening even the most robust child beyond this age was in the highest degree improper. But here their amiable agreement ended.

From the first, family feeling and denominationalism complicated the contest. Mrs. Backwell admitted that the baby's nose was like Lemuel's, but her other features, she avowed, were Backwell—pure Backwell. Sarah, while granting this only for the sake of argument, maintained that it was of slight consequence, since in disposition the baby took wholly after its father's family. Each began by making a stand that the baby should bear only some name of her family; but, as the weeks went on and no conclusion seemed likely to be reached without assistance, they agreed finally to ask Lemuel's opinion. Sarah recognized, indeed, that his appreciation of the child was so comparatively slight that she could hardly hope for sympathy in her extreme clannishness. And, as she had expected, he was judicially impartial. Pressed to some decision, he proposed a compromise; and in due course the neighborhood was informed that henceforth the baby would be called Janet Grace, in honor of both grandmothers. In speaking of her familiarly, however, Sarah used the name of Grace, and Mrs. Backwell that of Janet.

As for the baptism, alas! that proved to be no nearer settlement than at the outset. Mrs. Backwell was of the Methodist persuasion, Sarah of the Presbyterian. Having in a measure surrendered on the name, each was the more strongly determined to uphold what she considered her religious rights. Nor was this by any means wholly self-assertiveness. Deep and inherited convictions, and minds trained in an atmosphere of narrow prejudice, inspired all their discussions.

Before long it began to be rumored about quietly that Mrs. Backwell and Sarah were "nearly coming to blows" about the baby's baptism. Later, the ministers of both denominations called, and, whether in innocence or not, touched on the subject tentatively. After their visit the disagreement became public. Even the natural reticence of both women could not withstand the temptation to let their righteous intolerance be known. Lemuel, when appealed to in turn by each, was found to be provokingly indifferent.

"What are you in such a hurry about?" he inquired, with his characteristic drawl. "I ain't much on creeds, and I guess you both know it."

Affairs were, therefore, at this point when the baby finished her fifth month.

Lemuel had spent the day in the back-breaking work of sorting apples. Formerly Belinda had been in the habit of bringing her sewing to the head of the cellar stairs, and by occasional remarks had shortened the hours of his labor.

To-night his loneliness and fatigue sent him early to bed.

It must have been about midnight when he was awakened from his heavy slumber by the loud rattling of his door-latch. He roused himself and saw through the blur of sleep his sister Sarah half dressed and holding a lighted candle above her head as she peered toward the bed.

"Oh, Lemuel," she cried, seeing him awake, "do come. The baby! the baby is dying!"

The baby was lying on the large bed in the front room when Lemuel entered. Mrs. Backwell and Sarah hung over her from opposite sides. By the light of the kerosene lamp, which fell full on her face, he could see how thin she was; he wondered that he had never noticed it before. After he had been there a moment her suffering began again. Fierce tremors racked the tiny frame, and then left it motionless, rigid. Lemuel watched spellbound until he could endure no more.

"Sha'n't I go for the doctor?" he managed to ask.

Mrs. Backwell shook her head.

"I guess it's too late," she said. Her voice sounded hollow.

Suddenly Sarah raised her face from beside the pillow; it was set with a look of agonized recollection.

"She's going," she cried. "She's going, and she's never been baptized; she has never been given to the Lord. She's *lost!*"

For an instant there was complete silence. Then Mrs. Backwell covered her eyes with her hands.

"Go, Lemuel, bring a minister—either one," she entreated, sobbing.

Lemuel's gaze was set on the baby. After a brief hesitation, however, he wheeled about and left the room. But almost immediately he surprised the two women by returning.

Even at this awful moment they could not help noticing that some great change had come over him. His bearing was animated by resolution; his lips were set sternly. In his hand he held the purple-and-white-sprigged bowl that had been a part of his mother's wedding china. Going over to the washstand, he partly filled it with water. The women at the bedside watched him aghast.

"I guess there ain't much time to lose," he said, firmly, turning toward them, but his arm trembled. "I guess I'd better not waste it going for any minister. She's my child!" It was astonishing—the thrill of ownership roused in his voice. "I think the Lord'll agree that I've got as good a right to give her to him as anybody."

He stepped forward as he spoke, but Mrs. Backwell and Sarah had risen, and now drew together as one person in their frightened protest.

"Oh, Lemuel, you wouldn't!" gasped his sister.

Mrs. Backwell made a feeble attempt to hold him by the arm. Yet both paused and involuntarily bowed their heads when, clasping the bowl in one hand, Lemuel raised the other solemnly.

"Janet Grace," he repeated with unsteady earnestness, "I give you to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to be called by that name in the kingdom of heaven."

He touched the baby's forehead with clumsy reverence, spilling some of the water on her face. She opened her eyes and looked directly at him; she was lying more quietly. Mrs. Backwell and Sarah approached the bed again.

"Now I will go for the doctor," said Lemuel.

When the doctor arrived, an hour later, the baby was sleeping with long, even breaths. He listened to the explanations given, and nodded his head with unconcerned intelligence. Both the women and Lemuel avoided each other's eyes a little consciously as he pronounced the convulsions a result of teething and not dangerous. When the opinion had been given, Sarah rose, and, taking the purple-sprigged bowl from the mantel, poured the water which it contained on the barren vines outside the window. Then she wiped it carefully and replaced it on the shelf, with a sidelong look at Lemuel. It was evident that she intended to imply her reassertion and disapproval.

Lemuel walked out to the gate with the doctor through the chilly, spreading dawn.

"To speak plainly," said the doctor, in reply to Lemuel's questions, "your baby gets too much coddling."

The words sent Lemuel back to the house pondering. He was roused—roused at last as neither of the women within had dreamed possible. When the baby awoke he was present, and, mindful of the doctor's warning, would let neither Sarah nor Mrs. Backwell lift her from the bed. He himself sat beside her, his expression moved and tender. His rough hands faltered from time to time caressingly over the coverlid; and when the women, alarmed at his obstinacy, withdrew with offended bearing to consult together, he stooped and pressed his first kiss on the baby's thin brown hair.

Before the week was over no small interest was excited by the fact that Mrs. Backwell and Sarah had returned to their homes. The doctor alone smiled wisely when it was mentioned to him.

"Lemuel will bring up the child himself," he said.

Oratory is saying what you know and feeling what you say.—*Hon. W. J. Bryan.*

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Renewal

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Comrade of the whirling planets,
Mother of the leaves and rain,
Make me joyous as thy birds are,
Let me be thy child again.

Show me all the troops of heaven
Tethered in a sphere of dew—
All the dear, familiar marvels
Old child-hearted singers knew.

Let me laugh with children's laughter,
Breathe with herb and blade and tree,
Learn again forgotten lessons
Of thy grave simplicity.

Take me back to dream and vision
From the prison-house of pain,
Back to fellowship with wonder—
Mother, take me home again!

The Trials of Home Missionary Life

By the Rev. Edmund M. Vittum [1]

There is undoubtedly a great blessing always accompanying personal sacrifice. And the greater the sacrifice, other conditions being the same, the greater the blessing. This fact goes far to explain why it is that our home missionaries always speak so cheerfully, even jocosely, of the obstacles and privation inseparable from frontier work. But for the good of the Christian public, if not for that of the missionaries themselves, these things ought not always to be concealed, or even brightened, by the personal faith of the one who has suffered, endured, and triumphed. So you are asked to listen to the following story of trial and discouragement in the experience of a home missionary.

A few years ago a young man, fresh from centers of comfort and refinement, found himself on a train that was moving slowly (as railroad trains go) over a monotonous prairie, towards the setting sun. He had studied long and patiently at home, had traveled abroad, and had refused good offers to enter business, in order that he might become a preacher of the Gospel. He had not given himself to the Home Missionary Society for life, but had offered to go for a few months if the Society would take him to the frontier, support him there, and bring him back as well off as when he started. This was answered by an agreement on the part of the Society to pay a definite sum, supposed to be sufficient for the purpose; and, by way of anticipation, we may add that, though expenses were very high on the frontier, and he was constantly straitened for money, he found the Society so friendly in spirit, so unsuspicious, and so generous, so willing to do all that circumstances would permit, that financial troubles were never reckoned as trials worth mentioning in his experience as a home missionary.

For convenience we will call this young man Mr. Arthur, and the two stations where he began work Beetown and Ceville. He knew little of the field to which he had been assigned, but had written to the land agent and the postmaster of Beetown that he was coming on a certain day; and as the train stopped at the little station he was met by the former, who set about finding him a lodging-place. The best available was with a family that occupied the loft over a store—a room eighteen by twenty-two feet, neither plastered nor lathed. A little corner was separated from the rest by a calico curtain to make a bedroom and study for the young minister. The remainder was a family sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen, dining-room, etc. This was inconvenient at all times, and especially so during the hot days of summer, when the thermometer went above a hundred and the coal fire in the cook-stove made sleep next to impossible. But the young man never counted this among his trials. He could endure cheerfully for the sake of the Master what others were enduring for financial gain.

His two preaching-stations were about thirteen miles apart. In Beetown there was a settlement of one hundred and twenty souls; in Ceville, of six hundred. This was much less than had been represented in the circulars issued by the railroad, so his work was on a much smaller scale than he had anticipated. But he did not count that a hard trial. Others had been disappointed, and why should not he be brave?

He had no place in which to hold services. The best that he could do was to watch the little houses in process of construction, to select, on Saturday evening at sunset, one that was just inclosed by the carpenters and beg the loan of it for Sunday. Consent being obtained, he swept out the shavings and set up boards on nail-kegs for pews and a barrel of lime for a pulpit. Occasionally this was varied by the use of a grocery, hardware store, or barroom of a hotel, and several times he was driven to an empty granary which had been newly built in anticipation of the first crop. But he did not count that hardship. The Master had not where to lay his head: was not this modern disciple better off than he?

The young preacher was obliged to ride between his two stations on horseback every Sunday, often making the round trip; this was a weariness, but not counted a trial. He was glad of the opportunity to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross.

When he preached his first sermon there was not another pastor within a hundred miles in any direction. But there were several men in that region who always wrote "Rev." before their names. Though engaged in secular pursuits, they were always ready to attend funerals and weddings—especially the latter—and perform any offices that usually devolve upon the clergy. They were not, however, models of Christian manliness; and their presence did much to confirm the impression, already firmly fixed in the minds of many rough pioneers, that preachers are objects of contempt. To a young man who, as student and teacher, had always been well received in the refined circles of the East, this was a great change, and a change hard to be endured at first. Yet, when he remembered One who came unto his own and his own received Him not, when he pictured to himself Jesus Christ washing the feet of Judas Iscariot, he was ashamed to feel cowardly, and was rather thankful; he rejoiced, and was exceeding glad, knowing that great was his reward in heaven.

There were, of course, some well-educated people in that new settlement; but, generally speaking, he was separated from those associations of refinement which he had known previously. Still, that could be endured by any one whose heart beat with the inspiration of a great moral purpose. Were a majority of the people about him low and rough? True; but he had come to teach them how to become better.

Yet, when his trials did come, it was with crushing force. He had not been on his field three weeks before the Rev. Mr. Doe came into town to represent Denomination No. 2. A week later the Rev. Mr. Easy, of Denomination No. 3, also made his appearance. In the whole county (which was larger than Rhode Island) there was not another point where preaching was maintained regularly. There was not another Sunday-school within seventy-five miles; yet no stations would satisfy Messrs. Doe and Easy, and the denominations they represented, except Beetown and Ceville, where Mr. Arthur had started a promising work.

The three preachers and their microscopic audiences passed into a daily joke among the rough men of that region. It was not possible to make such people believe that those three ministers would pass by a dozen towns that were destitute of every religious privilege and all settle in Ceville—even though Ceville were the most important point in that region—if their great desire was to labor for the salvation of lost souls. The world saw in their work only a sectarian squabble, and it was interesting to them

[1] Pastor of the Congregational church, Grinnell, Ia.

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for the same reason that a dog-fight or a horse-race would have been interesting.

When Mr. Arthur rapped at a door in his efforts to persuade people to come to church and Sunday-school, he was met, not by one who, though irreligious, knew that his motives were pure, but by one in whose mocking smile he saw only thoughts of the rivalry in which he was supposed to be engaged, of getting more to his meeting than attended the others. While the more intelligent of the community ridiculed, the simpler-minded were led to feel that in connecting themselves with one minister or another they were conferring a great favor.

"You know Mr. Doe—he's been after me, too," said one good lady, in a boasting tone, when invited to attend service.

The impossibility of ever teaching people under such circumstances the true meaning of faith in Christ, and of leading them even to a partial support of the religious privileges offered to them, was realized more and more as the weeks went by.

Mr. Arthur's relations with his ministerial neighbors were usually kind and friendly; and he was forced into positions which seemed to be an acknowledgment before the community of what his whole soul protested against: that such a state of things was the proper condition for carrying on religious work. Mr. Doe, for instance, was very anxious to organize a second Sunday-school at Ceville, but, not meeting with much encouragement, he finally came to Mr. Arthur.

"I am required," he said, "by the missionary society supporting me, to report a Sunday-school of some kind. Now, if you will allow me to come into the school after your service, I can report that, and it will not be necessary to organize another; but if I cannot come in there, I must start a second one."

Of course Mr. Arthur could not refuse. Mr. Doe did not ask to have a share in the management. He prayed when invited to do so, and was an interested member of Mr. Arthur's Bible-class; but that was sufficient: he could "report" a Sunday-school in connection with his work. But sometimes when Mr. Arthur looked upon him in the midst of the lesson, the absurdity of the whole performance would so impress itself upon his mind that devotional thoughts were almost banished. Then, again, when he realized what would be the final result as regards religious life and work in the community, there was a choking in his throat and there were tears in his eyes.

In fact, the young man was almost crushed by the turn affairs had taken. He felt ashamed of himself; he could hardly look an unbeliever in the face when he met one. Still, he was not without hopes of something better in the future. In Beetown, which, though smaller than Ceville, contained many more Christians, the people were much attached to the young man. They represented half a dozen different denominations, but Mr. Arthur felt sure that he could keep them all together, and unite them in the support of one Sunday-school and one church.

Mr. Doe rode up every Sunday evening from Ceville to preach the gospel of Denomination No. 2 to a congregation averaging scarcely a dozen.

"We do not want him here," the people said to Mr. Arthur. "We prefer to keep together and give all we can for one church. But when a man rides twenty-six miles to preach to us, we are ashamed not to go, some of us at least, to hear him. And if a collection is taken up, we must give a little something." The young man made no answer to these remarks, but in his heart was hope that the problem would finally be solved by the sanctified common sense of the people, who would at length give some of the preachers to understand that they were not wanted. This was Mr. Arthur's last hope of relief. To have expressed it would have seemed egotistic; but he lived in it.

In Beetown there was only one professed Christian representing Denomination No. 2. This man accosted Mr. Arthur one Monday, and began the conversation of his own accord.

"I had a long talk with Mr. Doe last night. There were some things we wanted him to understand; and, as I am of his denomination, it was best for me to say them. I told him we did not want him here; that you were first on the field, and we prefer to stand by you. We want to keep all together, for there are not enough of us to have more than one decent church. And his only answer was that he was working for a missionary society, that his orders were to come here and preach every Sunday evening, and he should continue to do so. I told him that I, for one, would never attend his meetings again, and he answered that that would make no difference. He was obliged to come whether he thought it best or not."

The young preacher reflected long and seriously on this new phase of missionary work. In it he saw the destruction of his last hope. If he had only the people to deal with, he might, in time, win them to the unity of Christ. But that was not all. Back of these missionaries were great missionary societies, supported by hundreds of churches, in the hands of executive officers who had proved themselves efficient by their aggressive work, if not by their stubbornness. They would not give up important points to other denominations. He had already remained several months beyond the time first agreed upon, and he had done so because he had become interested in the people among whom his lot had been cast. But he could see no hope of making his work a permanent success, and the burden of his position was greater than he could endure. There was but one course left—to abandon the field.

The Superintendent for that region came to visit him, to talk the matter over.

"I am sorry," he said, "that things are as they are; but after you have been here a few years you will see things differently. You will find that the work must be done this way or not at all. What would you do if you were in my place? We can't give up preaching Christ to the lost. But I can't do my work without men, and you are just the kind of man I want."

The young preacher had no answer to the question, What can we do? for he felt that the problem was too complicated for him to solve. He had been told during his foreign travels that the blind beggars of Constantinople have the city divided up into districts, and no one will venture to beg on the street assigned to another; and must he say that those blind, ignorant children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light?

The plan proposed by Dr. McCosh and others, to divide up the field into parishes, would not have helped him. It is all very well to talk of dividing up the cities and assigning a district to each pastor, leaving him free to minister to those outside his district, but making him responsible for all within it: that is all very well for the cities. But how about those fields where there is nothing to divide—towns which are hardly large enough to make one pastor feel that his life is counting for what it is worth; towns that are unable to support one pastor in comfort; towns that under right leadership would unite in one church, but, recognizing the commercial advantage of advertising three or four churches, readily lend themselves to the sectarian influence of home missionary societies?

I would not be understood as implying that the work is usually done in this way. I simply assert that the above is a true story. Moreover, nothing in what has been said should be construed as a criticism on the home missionaries in the field. They are only carrying out the policy forced upon them by contributing churches. Ten years have passed since these events occurred, and some gain has been made. The Churches are theoretically in favor of comity; yet each Church wishes to have its own society firmly intrenched in the largest and most promising towns in every frontier district. Is it not true that many good Christians in our country are arguing and praying for denominational comity and Church union, forgetting all the while that such a result can never be secured without unselfish sacrifice—without a surrender of rights and privileges that are very dear to us? There is but one road to true success in any form of Christian work, and that is the "strait and narrow way."

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The Spectator

The Spectator was recently in the office of the editor of one of the great reviews—in the room that in the old-fashioned days would have been called the editor's sanctum. The Spectator had finished his business, and, though engaged to take luncheon with the editor, was about to go out for an hour because he knew that half a dozen contributors were waiting to talk about their articles. "Oh, sit still," the editor asked; "sit still; your presence will save me at least an hour." He insisted, almost with physical force, so the Spectator stayed in the sanctum. Then the show—tragedy, comedy, or farce, according to the point of view—began. The first visitor was a man whose name is seen now and then in the magazines. The Spectator was glad he had no personal acquaintance with the gentleman. He did not have a manuscript to submit, but the idea of an article for which he wished an order. He told the editor that he had the idea of his life, and was prepared to write *the* article of the year. The Spectator is absolutely ashamed to mention the subject the writer proposed. It is one that, ever since literature began, has been discussed by idle people who thought they knew how to think. "That idea does not appeal to me," said the editor, politely; "have you anything else to suggest?" "But, my dear sir," persisted the writer, "this is the idea of my life, and one of the best opportunities you ever had to give the people something to make them think." "I am sorry not to agree with you," the editor answered, with entire politeness, but with a trifle of coldness. "Well, I vow," said the writer, rising and red in the face, "if you do not take this article—I mean to write it, you can depend on that—I shall never offer you another thing." "Well, I am sure not to take it," the editor said, with a pleasant smile, as he also rose to dismiss his visitor. The writer left with a scowl on his face, and probably with hard feelings in his heart. "I should have been willing to pay him the price of his article for the sake of that vow," said the editor, turning to the Spectator, who had been pained rather than amused at the interview.

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Next came in a young fellow. He was full of enthusiasm about each of three projects that he submitted. They all struck the Spectator as meritorious, but hardly worthy of discussion in a serious review. This was the way the editor also appeared to look at the subjects, for he suggested that they be treated for some daily paper. "Oh, I have offered them there," the young man said quickly, "and in each instance I was advised to come to you." "Ah, that's the way of the world," the editor said; "we each know exactly what the other needs, but are unacquainted with our own wants. I am very sorry I do not agree with the gentlemen of the daily press. Good-day." And the young man went out, still burdened with his ideas, but lacking a good portion of his enthusiasm. Then came into the room a lady with a pale and patient face, which, if face ever told a story, told of years of struggle against an adverse fate. She had come to inquire for a manuscript, not her own, but her husband's. The editor sent for the record; the manuscript had not been reported on. He promised that it should be examined at once, and that he would write about it to the author. The lady's pale face took on a faint color as she bowed herself out, as though the fact that the manuscript had not been rejected inspired her with a hope that was not always hers. "I don't know anything about that woman," said the editor, "but if the manuscript had been in the office I am afraid I should have taken it, good or bad. That woman carries a five-act tragedy around with her in her face." "You don't ever buy manuscripts out of mere pity?" the Spectator asked. "Yes, I do, but I never print them. One had as well be charitable in one way as another." The next visitor was what in the West is called a "hustler;" the species is not at all rare on the Atlantic seaboard, but the Spectator, as the darkies in the South say, "disremembers" how it is called. This fellow wanted to get up a symposium "that would knock socks off all creation and double the circulation of the periodical in a single month." The editor look alarmed for a moment, then, quickly opening the door, said to the "hustler," "Pray see Mr. So-and-so, in the next room but one; he is our business manager, and will be glad to talk with you." Then, turning to the Spectator and taking up his hat, he said: "Come, let's get something to eat, else that pestilential fellow will be back here and compel me to listen." As the Spectator and the editor walked towards the club, the latter said that if it were not necessary to see some few people he would do all of his work in the country, so as to save the time he wasted on the nine out of ten visitors who insisted on calling upon him.

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We are constantly hearing of the discipline of sickness. The Spectator, who has just recovered from the only severe illness of his life, is inclined to doubt whether the sickness from which patients recover, ordinarily teaches any lessons either in patience or self-restraint that are worth learning. He is rather inclined to believe with Dr. Weir Mitchell, who from his large experience felt justified in saying, "I have seen a few people who were ennobled by long sickness, but far more often the result is to cultivate self-love and selfishness, and to take away by slow degrees the healthy mastery which every human being should retain over her own emotions and wants." Dr. Mitchell was writing about women, but his remark is every bit as applicable to men. If really ill people are selfish, then convalescents are very much more so, for they exert pretty nearly all of their fresh strength to tyrannize over those who during the illness have been all attention and self-sacrifice. And the egotism of the convalescent! It is something colossal. It is the biggest thing about him, and pretty much all that there is to him. The tender solicitude of family and friends for his welfare and the condition of his health confirms the convalescent in his use of a false personal standard, and he thinks of himself, his aches and his pains, and of the dangers he has passed, in an entirely false proportion, and magnifies them far beyond their actual importance. And, what is more, he is ever ready to talk of these things, with an egotistic particularity of description that would shame a modest healthy man out of countenance of himself. He will tell how he slept, or rather how he did not sleep; he will tell of the pains he endured, with a fervor that would have shamed a martyr in recounting his experiences in the torture-chamber of the Inquisition; he will recall how the doctors were baffled at this or that crisis of his illness, as though the obstinacy of the disease reflected upon him a great glory; and so on as long as the listeners are within earshot. And when they are not, when he is left alone for a little while, he will grumble to himself until he is persuaded that he is a very badly treated and much-neglected sufferer.

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The Spectator's illness and convalescence would not have enabled him to observe these things had it not been for a visit he received from a friend who had also just passed through a grievous illness. The friends were glad in the beginning to see each other, and each had been genuinely anxious about the other; but the visit was not really a pleasure to either, for both talked in the same unending strain of sad happenings that only doctors and nurses need to know of; and each would talk only of himself. Two weeks later these friends met again, and both were now in prime condition, and each was a trifle embarrassed to meet the other. "Jack," said the Spectator to his friend, "do you know that I thought you awfully tiresome the other day?" "Spectator," replied Jack, "that is just about the same remark I made about you to my wife when I got home." Now both of them laughed heartily and without embarrassment, for each of them knew that he had been a bore, and also knew the reason why. This observation does not apply to a very great extent to hospitals, for there are too much sickness and too much discipline there to encourage the growth of unhealthy egoism. It may be that an illness in a hospital may have a great influence in building a character in the right direction; but at home, where each member of a family vies with the others to coddle and spoil the patient, there is usually a most unwholesome and disagreeable growth of selfishness and unrestraint, a growth which nothing save native amiability assisted by strong common sense will arrest.

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The Home

The Measurement of Men

"Electricity cannot follow a broken wire, nor success a lying life," is most profoundly true. The man or woman who attains success has laid a foundation of truth. Pretense to goodness, knowledge, unselfishness, may for a time succeed, but there is no surer thing in life than that pretense is always revealed. The truth is eventually the measurement of every man in the eyes of his fellows; he must suffer if he cannot stand in its light. Many succeed for a time, concealing the weakness, the lack, the sin; but time, that merciless recorder, brings the day of reckoning, and the real strength, knowledge, motive, method, of each man are the knowledge of all who come within his circle of influence. It may be that death has hastened the revelation, but the name and the personality remain the guide, or the warning, for those who come after.

To be an influence in the life of the household, the community, the church, there must be harmony between the life of the man and his uttered speech. His principles are revealed in his life; his sympathies must be expressed in his actions; his character must equal his beliefs, his sympathies. There must be a steadiness of aim from within if a man's life is to sway those about him, to influence character.

Even the man who has a power that makes him an influence for evil must possess steadiness of aim; he must be consistent in the walk he has chosen. The pretender of evil fails of success.

It is this conception of life that makes each man struggle toward the place which the community has accorded him. To believe that men trust him, believe in him, accept him, is, even to the strongest, an incentive to higher living, or a constant menace that makes the pretender quake with fear when he sees his own soul, lest men should discover him.

The Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg

By Christine Terhune Herrick

If the shade of Mary Washington is permitted a knowledge of earthly affairs, she must have been gratified on the tenth of May. For then there gathered about her burial-place, to do her memory honor, the highest in the land. President Cleveland, Vice-President Stevenson, Secretaries Gresham, Lamont, Carlisle, and Morton, Postmaster-General Bissell, Chief Justice Fuller, Associate Justice Harlan, Governor O'Ferrall, and Senator Daniel were there, and of honorable women not a few. Mrs. Stevenson and the wives of the members were present; but perhaps the most important and most modest figure among the women was Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, the President of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association, to whose devotion and energy most of the success of the monument enterprise is due. Her efficient aid, Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, Secretary of the Association, was also present, as were Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland), who was the originator of the movement to honor Mary Washington's grave, Mrs. Fleming, the President of the local Association, and several State Vice-Presidents of the National Association.

The ceremonies of the day began with the arrival of the President's train from Washington and the booming of many guns. In the parade that advanced to the monument, to the music of the Marine Band, were military organizations of Richmond and Fredericksburg, a band of Confederate veterans, members of the Masonic lodges of Fredericksburg and Alexandria, in which Washington took his degree, the President and Cabinet, Governor O'Ferrall and his staff, a guard of young women on horseback, and numerous societies.

There was a great crowd on the knoll at the outskirts of the town, but, although there was a constant murmur of voices during the opening prayer by the Rev. Dr. James P. Smith, once chaplain to Stonewall Jackson—a murmur that was unchecked during Mayor Rowe's address of welcome—there was close attention during Governor O'Ferrall's fiery and flowery discourse; and when the applause that followed President Cleveland's rising had died away, there was little difficulty in hearing every word of his dignified and graceful address. His beautiful tribute to mothers and motherhood touched a deeper chord than any other address of the day. The Masonic ceremonies that dedicated the monument were grave and impressive, and were followed by a short address by Lawrence Washington, and an hour-long oration from Senator Daniel, which amplified the theme the President had treated.

This closed the outdoor exercises, but while President Cleveland was undergoing the usual hand-shaking in front of the grand stand, many lingered to look at the monument—a stately monolith of Vermont granite, without fault or flaw, rising from a pedestal eleven feet square to a height of fifty feet. On one side of the base are the words "Mary, the Mother of Washington;" on the other, "Erected by her Countrywomen." It is the first monument in the world raised by women to a woman.

The reception to the President at Mary Washington's old home came next, and close after that the banquet, with toasts and speeches and cheers. A ball closed the day's festivities, and then quiet little Fredericksburg, which Dickens called "the only finished town in America," was left to settle back to her normal quiet after the greatest day of her life.

College Education of Women

IV.—Life in the College

By President Charles F. Thwing[1]

But the studies by no means represent the entire labor calling forth the intellectual energies of students. Into the societies, literary, social, dramatic, and into the college journals go no small part of these energies. To determine the desirability of these avocations requires wise discrimination. These pursuits do develop administrative and executive talents. Toward the development of these talents the college itself can do little directly. It is very important for the interests of society and of the Church that these talents should be trained. For woman is coming to be the great power in the regeneration and reorganization of society and of the Church. This work also represents a form of service usually enjoyed; and work done with joy, even if exhausting, has a certain recreating quality. And yet it is to be confessed that the testimony is strong and clear that certain women are injured through giving too much time and strength to these forms of outside work. As one graduate says: "Women in college think and study until everything else becomes relatively insignificant; then they begin to grow nervous. They do not so much need a Greek literary society, which they may be so eager to form, as a long tramp. They should inspect the factories and shops of their neighborhood, in order to keep themselves in touch with ordinary human life."

The question of intellectual work has close relations with that demon whom we call Worry. Nothing more completely differentiates the woman in college from the man in college than worry; the woman does worry, the man does not worry. This form of anxiety has, at least in part, a good origin. It arises, in part at least, from conscientiousness. Women are more faithful to their college duties than men. Women are also less content to do their work the best they can and leave the results. Whatever strong reasons exist against a rigid marking system in col-

[1] Of the College for Women of Western Reserve University.

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leges for men—and they do exist—those reasons are far stronger in colleges for women. Therefore many colleges do not make known the relative rank of their students. For these students are so eager to excel that every temptation to anxiety should be removed. Women need the college curb more than the college spur. Their own conscience is a spur strong enough, and often too strong. Whatever tends toward the creation of a morbid conscientiousness should be severely eliminated. One cause, it may be said in passing, which tends to promote such conscientiousness is the feeling that woman is still an intellectual or educational experiment. For the sake of her sex, she, the college woman, thinks herself obliged to do her very best. She someway interprets womankind as prodding her womanhood to scale intellectual summits. Such large incitements and excitements are altogether too exhausting. It is therefore of special importance that the intellectual conditions in colleges for women should be distinguished by evenness, regularity, large-mindedness, and large-heartedness.

The social conditions of the college woman have certain peculiar features. The relations of the college woman to what is called society should be *nil;* they are usually *nil.* She is usually away from home, and it is her home that is the common center of her social activities and festivities. The fact is, too, that she cannot be a college woman, receiving any special advantage from the college, if she is also a woman in society. The society girl, I know, is coming to college, and is to come in larger numbers. She will, of course, receive more of what is worthiest in these four college years than she could from any other source; but she is coming not so much to be in society while she is in college as she is to be a better member of society when she has gone from college.

For the woman's college is, like the man's college, a microcosm. This little and complete world represents the best condition for most women to live in between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. These women have small need of other social resources than are created in college. For the littleness and completeness of this precious college world tend to promote sufficiently for the time that most precious thing, personality. And yet littleness and completeness, it must be said, tend to promote certain elements that are not worthy. They may give rise to a kind of nervous excitement. As a college woman has said, "There is a danger of nervousness where women are alone and together. A tendency to nervousness, too, is often encouraged by teachers who might do much to lessen it." It may be further noted that many college friendships are exceedingly exhausting. Women give themselves up more than men to intimate relations. College officers are wise in cautioning students against too warm friendships, especially against forming them in the first year of college life.

It has been said that life in college for women tends toward monotony and melancholy. The remark should be false. The life, though regular, should not be monotonous. It should have, and may have, a fitting variety of work and of play. It should not, above all, have any touch of melancholy. For it is the life of young women placed under the best conditions for fitting themselves for complete living.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

I would like to say to the parents who ask advice as to teaching spelling to their little son, if the aurist fails, try the oculist. My daughter had the same defect, and was also passionately fond of hearing reading. Although a faithful student, she never learned to spell correctly. Last year she had serious trouble with her eyes. I consulted an oculist. He found that her vision had always been defective. Now that she wears glasses she says she never before saw the letters distinctly. If this statement will be of use, I am glad to make it.

A MOTHER.

There is no doubt that many children are accused of stupidity and indifference who are suffering from physical limitations. This possibility is only beginning to dawn on the minds of the majority of parents, as the possibility of the development of physical limitations because of unhygienic conditions in and about the school-room is only now being recognized. Parents must know the environment, mental and physical, that controls each child during its school hours. If the lighting, the heating, the ventilating of the room occupied are not such as minister to the full play of the child's powers, the child is defrauded, robbed, of power that can never be recovered. Every known physical limitation should be familiar to the teacher. The true teacher recognizes that there may exist physical defects that limit the child's mental attainments, and he tries to bring his thought to the parents.

Dear Outlook:

According to Gray and all other botanists with whom I am familiar, the hepatica has three bracts forming an involucre, and *no* corolla. This is contrary to what H. A. D. Leeming says in her article of April 28. S. K. TAYLOR.

The statement by S. K. Taylor is quite correct. Although Gray places the hepatica among the *polypetalæ*, he describes it as without petals. This is not evident in the flower itself, but is a concession to relationship. Because the nearest congeners of the hepatica have bracts, it is necessary to consider that what appears to be a calyx are bracts, and that the next floral envelopes, which are to all appearances a polypetalous corolla, are a metamorphosed calyx, and that the corolla is wanting. As the article in The Outlook was written for little children, these technicalities were avoided.

Dear Outlook:

This evening I will tell you something I had told to me in Chicago last September. I boarded the cars at Fifty-third Street. Very soon a lady stepped on and seated herself close to me. When the conductor took the fare, I asked him if he would tell me when I came to Adams Street. My neighbor kindly said, "I will tell you, as I go further." Soon we were conversing about the weather and other things. We passed some houses with stairs outside, up to the third story. I remarked, "I suppose those are apartment-houses." Her reply was, "You are mistaken. Those are tenement-houses. I know the difference, as I own two apartment-houses and am building a third. My grandmother left me some money years ago, which my husband recommended I should use to build an apartment-house, thinking it would interest me and take me out in the fresh air for some purpose. Some of my tenants have been with me six and eight years. I employ a janitor by the month, giving him some privileges. I do not allow him to receive a fee of any kind. If he does, he is dismissed at once. I do not allow a piano. The suite is composed of six rooms, with a bath-room—washing privileges on separate days. For the first floor I receive $65 per month. The income from this investment was sufficient for me to take my mother to Europe for several months in 1892, and this summer I have taken my sister to Alaska, paying all expenses. Besides this, I am educating a young girl at a college." I felt myself very small by the side of this delicate-looking but energetic young woman.

A. C.

Two Important School Bills

Governor Flower has signed a State Compulsory Education Bill, which is of the greatest importance. The enforcement of this bill depends, to a very great degree, on the educational standards of parents; the pressure that can be brought to bear on ignorant parents by a fear of the law is the measure of its success. The bill provides that all children between the ages of eight and twelve years must attend a public, private, or parochial school, or receive private instruction, during the whole year. The weakness of this section of the bill is that it does not define private instruction. Children between the ages of twelve and fourteen years must receive instruction for eighty days, or half of the school year, and children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen must attend school when they are not regularly employed. In a city like New York this bill cannot be enforced, for the reason that the city does not provide school accommoda-

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tion for all its children. It is estimated that there are about fifty thousand more children in the city of New York than can be provided with seats in the public schools. In many of the schools the children are allowed to attend only half-sessions, and in one school, in one class of the primary department, there are eighty children under one teacher. The law provides the appointment of Attendance Officers in cities and union school districts, and a Superintendent at a salary of $2,500 a year to oversee this branch of the educational work of the State. One of the strong recommendations for this bill is that it is approved by Mr. Crooker, the State Superintendent. This law cannot be enforced to a degree above the public sentiment, and public sentiment is always the result of education. Every man and woman working among the poor should make full use of this law in such work. Every parent should be made to understand that there is such a law, and to know the penalty involved if the law is broken. Factory-inspectors can also help to make this law a terror to the employer who employs children of the ages covered by this bill.

There is no enforcement equal to that of a parent who values education for the child. No child can be expected to value education if in his home education is not valued.

In Bermuda the Board of Education compares the statistics of school attendance with the vital statistics of the island. Every child is registered, and the number of its days' attendance carefully noted. The result of this system is that in the island of Bermuda there is not to be found a child who cannot read at the age of ten years. This system could be made to operate in small towns and villages. It is impossible in large cities with a floating population. No work that the members of women's clubs could do, that the individual woman of intelligence could do, would surpass in importance that of compelling obedience to the new educational bill. The result would be to educate public sentiment and raise the educational standards in every community.

The bill known as the Parsons Bill, vetoed by Governor Flower on May 15, is of equal importance. It provides that the Board of Education or the public-school authorities of any city or village employing a Superintendent of Schools may establish and maintain one or more schools or classes for the professional instruction and training of teachers in the principles of education and methods of instruction for not less than thirty-eight weeks in each school year. The State Superintendent is authorized to set apart from the Free School Fund one dollar for each week of instruction of each pupil, the amount so appropriated not to exceed $100,000 each year. After January of 1896 it shall be unlawful for any person to be employed or licensed to teach in the primary and grammar schools of any city authorized by law to employ a Superintendent of Schools, who has not had successful experience in teaching for at least three years, or, in lieu thereof, has not graduated from a high school or academy having a course of study of not less than three years, approved by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Among the reasons given by the Governor for vetoing this bill are found the best arguments for signing it:

> The other feature of the bill is that which would exclude from teaching in the primary and grammar schools of cities after January 1, 1895, any person who (1) has not had successful experience in teaching for at least three years, or (2) has not completed a three years' course in, and has been graduated from, a high school or academy, or from an institution of learning of equal or higher rank approved by the Superintendent of Public Instruction; or (3) has not, in addition to such graduation, been graduated from a school or class for the professional training of teachers, having a course of study of not less than thirty-eight weeks, approved by the Superintendent of Public Instruction.
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> This restriction would exclude from employment as teachers in our public schools all persons, no matter how highly educated—even college and university graduates—who had not had special training in pedagogy in the manner permitted by this bill. This would be very radical legislation, and I seriously doubt its feasibility or propriety. It would exclude many capable persons from gaining a livelihood by teaching. It would be an unnecessary interference with the powers of local school authorities and with the rights of individuals, and its benefits would not compensate for this questionable State interference.

Teaching is a science, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when not even a college diploma will be accepted by a school board when the applicant has not had special training. Colleges only claim to lay the foundation for the professions, among which teaching is the most important. The schools do not exist for the purpose of giving opportunity for earning a livelihood to even "capable persons." They exist, first and last, for the education of the children of the country. The best the world can give is not too good to demand for the use of the children. Parlor meetings to create public sentiment in favor of wise educational methods and laws are worth the attention of intelligent women.

Any thoughtful citizen who has given even the most cursory attention to the subject of the district schools throughout the State of New York has been appalled by the condition in some districts. There comes to mind now a little school-house, pretty, partially covered with Virginia creeper, standing in a pine grove. There was something so attractive about the little building that, on one August afternoon when the bees were humming with that drowsy sound which induces sleep, the writer alighted from a carriage in front of this school-house. Through the open door the sound of the teacher's voice, nasal, shrieking, "Johnny, if you don't sit up I'll shake you till you'll be glad to," amazed the hearer. The building was new. The little vestibule was marred with crayon, pencil, and charcoal marks as high up as the pupils could reach. A large piece of plaster was broken out just above one of the doors; evidently it had been a target for a ball, as indentures were visible on the lath. Two doors opened from this vestibule into the school-room, one evidently designed as an exit for girls and the other for boys. In the school-room were probably twenty children, none over fourteen. The desks were new, but had been cut and marred apparently without any compunctions. The teacher stood on the platform in a dark calico skirt, with a short sack such as one might occasionally see worn in a bedroom. This was held in place about her waist by a large apron, the strings of which crossed in the back and were tied in a bow in front. The neck of the garment was held together by an ordinary pin. The teacher stared round at the visitor with a scowl. The children were as cowed as though an ogre stood over them. The excuse for entrance was in asking the question as to how far it was to a certain road, which was answered in the same sharp, nasal tone that had at first assaulted the visitor's ears. Evidently visitors were rare, and the teacher's curiosity was so great that she followed her visitor out to the carriage, giving directions how to reach the road asked for. In reply to the question, "How many pupils have you?" the answer came: "This is the largest deestrict school in Greene County." "Have you been teaching long?" "Twenty-five years in this 'ere school," was the response; and one could well believe it who spent any time within a radius of two miles from that school-house.

Every law passed by the State which tends to elevate the standards of education should receive that support and indorsement from every citizen which its importance demands. School certificates should be granted only by the State authorities, and should not be an act of courtesy from a neighbor to a neighbor's daughter, or, as is the case too often, from the man representing the school district to his own daughter. This bill means a change, but the condition of the small schools in the outlying districts of the State demand even more than this.

Hundreds of women can sympathize with the heroine in the following incident:

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the floor-walker.

"Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I reckon they're waitin' to see if I won't go away without stayin' fur the seventeen cents in change that's a-comin' to me!"

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The Vacation Fund

It seems necessary each year to refer to the beginnings of the Vacation Fund in The Outlook. About six years ago one of the editors heard the story of a girl of fourteen who had supported a family of three one year and had broken down because of overwork and lack of food. The story was told in these columns. As a result, nearly three hundred dollars was sent to this office to meet the expenses of a vacation for this one girl. Fourteen girls, all under sixteen, were found and sent away for two weeks. It was clear that all that the readers of this paper needed was a channel through which they could reach the girls who needed what they had to give. The next year the Association of Working-Girls' Clubs of New York and Brooklyn received the money sent to this office. The third year the New York Association had all the money it could use, and the money was then given to the Brooklyn Association. Differences of opinion as to the management of the religious side of the work decided us to use a non-sectarian channel for the medium of exchange between our readers and the working-girls of New York and Brooklyn. After careful consideration, the Working-Girls' Vacation Society was chosen as the best medium of exchange. Its special field was to care for sick and exhausted girls, whether members of clubs or not. It had proved, in its well-organized work, that it was economical, broad-minded, and cautious. It gave personal attention and oversight to every house under its direction.

The greatest need of the Vacation Society was a home of its own, that should be managed by a woman of its own choosing, one who would owe an allegiance to its aims and principles. This need was urged upon the attention of our readers. In the issue of November 7, 1891, a letter was printed, received from Miss Caroline Porte, a teacher in the Mount Vernon Seminary of Washington, D. C., suggesting that the school-girls of the country should raise the money to buy a house within a short distance of New York, as a witness for all time of the consciousness of kinship of the school-girls of the country with the working-girls. This letter, and the continual reference to the idea, brought from the school-girls of this country the sum of almost $4,000. In the spring of 1892 a gentleman and his wife offered to The Christian Union a house and grounds to be used for the benefit of working-girls. This offer was transferred to the Working-Girls' Vacation Society of New York. The money accepted as the School-Girls' Fund was used to furnish the house. If this had not been done, the house would not have been available for a year. The donators to this fund accepted our decision with enthusiasm, and many of the schools furnished rooms, providing all the necessaries, and embroidering pincushions, bureau-covers, splashers, and the like, in the colors of the school, to be used in special rooms; several of the schools have placed the school motto in the rooms, making an intimate connection between givers and receivers. Each room is an expression of friendship, carrying its message to the girl deprived of those educational opportunities of which she would have gladly availed herself had she been permitted.

The house was originally so small that a comfortable sum was left in the bank to furnish a second house when it should be given. The next year the owner of Cherry Vale enlarged the house, increasing the accommodations from eleven to thirty-five girls. The money in the bank furnished the new bedrooms, and the Misses Ely's school furnished the new and commodious parlor. June, 1893, found Cherry Vale completed, and occupied by tired and sick working-girls.

The suffering among working-girls this past winter has been great; a statement of this fact brought generous donations to the Friendship Fund, which was placed at the disposal of the Presidents of the working-girls' clubs of New York for the use of the members of the clubs who needed it. Not all of the money thus received was used during the winter; the balance has been given to the Working-Girls' Vacation Society to meet the expenses of the working-girls who cannot have a vacation unless it is given to them.

Cherry Vale

Never was the need so great as now. Hundreds of girls in New York are broken down through anxiety caused by loss of work; hundreds of others are broken down because they have had to live on such small amounts that malnutrition is the result. The present financial pressure throughout the country is so great that the amounts set aside, even by rich people, are not as large as formerly, and there must be more contributors if the demands on the Working-Girls' Vacation Society are to be met. The school-girls of the country have an opportunity to again show their interest in the other girl, whose working capacity has been increased and whose faith in God and man has received a new impulse because Cherry Vale stands, a living monument to the friendship of girls for girls, of the rich for the poor.

Previously acknowledged	$1,432 92
Altruria	2 00
L. F. S., Shelbyville, Tenn.	2 80
A Friend of the Working-Girls	10 00
W. B. C., Eagle River, Wis.	1 00
M. L. I.	1 00
M. F. P., Washington, D. C.	5 00
E. A. B., Ithaca, N. Y.	1 00
Total	$1,455 72

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A Little Cow-Girl

By Alice MacGowan

In Two Parts—II.

Tina was sure she knew the sound; it was not a coyote's bark, his little snickering whimper, nor his long musical cry; nor was it the howl of a big wolf. She was tremblingly certain that it was the distant scream of a panther—the animal called in that country both Mexican lion and mountain lion.

She felt all about hurriedly, clutching every bit of bush, brush, twig, or dry grass, thrust them together upon the ground, and kindled them with a match from her match-box.

By the light of this little blaze she gathered more bits of fuel, and even a big gnarled root or limb here and there, till she had a good blazing fire. Then she crouched against the bank again, and watched the direction from which she thought the cry had come.

When a rustling and snapping sound was heard in some bits of scrubby bushes a few rods beyond the fire, Brownie snorted, and would have pulled up his stake and run, but for Tina's coaxing hand and voice.

As she shrank against him, with her arm over his neck, her frightened eyes questioning the darkness all about them, she suddenly saw, at the edge of the firelight, between two bushes, a moving, tawny-colored something, which immediately glided away. Then there appeared next moment, at quite a distance, and in the deepest shadow, two big, yellow-green, shining spots, like balls of shifting fire.

Tina's stout little heart almost choked her with terror. A panther, she knew, would scarcely attack a man unless maddened by hunger or rage; but unless it was frightened away by her fire, she felt sure it would be bold enough to spring upon her.

She was as scared as it is possible to be; but what could she do? Screaming would be worse than useless, since it would probably embolden the beast to attack her. There was no one to call to, nowhere to run. She knew there was but one thing for her to do—to stay where she was and tend her fire; and this she did with a sort of desperate, patient courage.

It seemed to Tina hours that soft, heavy, padding, catlike footsteps circled about her fire, in the dark beyond, and those glowing balls came now and again out of the shadow and glared at her.

Her terror kept her awake and feeding the blaze long after the stealthy steps were only fancy and the gleaming eyeballs but the shine of the firelight on some frost-covered leaf; even after the terrified death-bleat of a young calf and its mother's wild bellowings might have assured her, had she not been past reasoning, that the fierce brute had found its supper elsewhere.

To her the darkness was all night long full of crouching beasts ready to leap upon her if she dozed for a minute.

Yet she must finally, worn out with terrified watching, have fallen asleep, for she was wakened from what seemed to her barely a moment's forgetfulness by a cold muzzle snuffing over her.

She sprang up in wild fright. The east was gray with dawn; it was bitterly cold; she was so stiff and numb she could scarcely stand; and the creature she had taken for another wild beast, and which she had thought was sniffing her over to see if she would do for a breakfast, was only Brownie, who, having nibbled every tuft and stem of dry grass within the limit of his stake-rope, took this method of hinting to her that it was time to get up and move on.

Her arms ached so that she could scarcely lift the saddle to Brownie's back, and after she had done so and climbed painfully up, riding seemed almost impossible.

She was too ill and light-headed from lack of food and sleep to recognize landmarks or find her way, and, after three hours of hard riding, almost at random, she found herself getting into the Eubank ranch, twenty miles from home.

Brownie, hungry, drooping, and footsore, hurried eagerly up to the buildings, and Tina did not check nor turn him. She was suffering too much to be shy or frightened, though the unusual spectacle brought most of the family to the windows.

As the forlorn little pair drew up at the ranch-house porch, kind hands lifted Tina from the saddle and carried her, almost unconscious, into the house.

She was warmed, rubbed, dosed with steaming drinks, then fed with hot, appetizing food. It was Mrs. Eubank and another young lady who worked over and tended upon Tina. Ethel and Katherine, delighted to have a little girl in the lonely house, hung about her, slyly squeezing her hand, and admiring her long, thick braids of fair hair.

Nobody was allowed to question her, or, indeed, to talk to her at all, but by and by she herself, sitting by the fire, dressed in Ethel Eubank's pretty red wrapper, with one little girl on each side of her, and feeling astonishingly natural and at home with them all, old, amid exclamations of sympathy and wonder from her new friends, the story of her night's adventure.

The pain and weakness had all passed away, but the shyness never came back. She was so petted and approved for performing well the very duties, and bravely enduring the very dangers and hardships, which she had thought must make them despise her, that she found it easy to confide to them, when the story of last night was told, and they still seemed full of interest in her and her way of life, the things that she had thought she could never tell anybody—all her loneliness and longings, and how they seemed so very hopeless to her.

"My dear little girl," said the pretty young lady who had held Tina so tenderly in her arms, and fed her like a baby with hot milk, "you can come over and study with Ethel and Katherine. I am going to be their governess, and I will gladly teach you, too. I am sure Mrs. Eubank will be willing. She will be glad to have such a brave girl with her children."

"Yes," cried impulsive little Katherine, nestling close up to the visitor, "we're so glad a panfer didn't get you, an' we'd jus' love to have you live here wif us."

Tina felt as if the door of happiness had been opened to her and then shut in her face. She was as absolutely certain that her father would not consent to such an arrangement as the two ladies now began to discuss—which would be for her to stay at the Eubank ranch during school-days, and spend her Saturdays and Sundays at home—as they were that he would not refuse her so good a chance.

And he did not refuse. The day before, such a concession could scarcely have been wrung from him on any terms. His consent now was the direct result of Tina's terrible night alone on the plain. After searching for her in great alarm, following Brownie's trail and finding the trampled grass and blood-stains where Tina's visitor of the night before had made his supper, and believing that his little girl had there met a miserable death through his cruel neglect, it was a comparative relief to him to convince himself that he wasn't "no mean man" by consenting—even with alacrity—to the arrangement which these new friends Tina had found for herself so confidently proposed.

Girls to whom school is an old story—and sometimes a tedious one—can hardly understand what visions of delight this prospect opened to Tina, nor the daily joy, the unfailing happiness, this new life brought to her.

The same steady perseverance in doing faithfully her distasteful duty that brought Tina this opportunity for which she longed, enabled her to make the most of her chance when it came.

Other opportunities are sure to open before such zeal and enthusiasm as hers. She has loving, appreciative friends now; her way looks bright and promising before her.

The time is coming when, a bright and cultured woman, pleasantly situated, she will look back with smiling pity, almost as if she were another person in another world, to the little cow-girl who herded her father's cattle and dreamed her dreams upon the lonely plains of Ochiltree County.

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For the Little People

The Stupid Little Apple-Tree

By John Kendrick Bangs

Jimmieboy was playing in the orchard, and, as far as the birds and the crickets and the tumble-bugs could see, was as happy as the birds, as lively as the crickets, and as tumbly as the tumble-bugs. In fact, one of the crickets had offered to bet an unusually active tumble-bug that Jimmieboy could give him ten tumbles start and beat him five in a hundred, but the tumble-bug was a good little bug and wouldn't bet.

"I'm put here to tumble," said he. "That's my work in life, and I'm going to stick to it. Other creatures may be able to tumble better than I can, but that isn't going to make any difference to me. So long as I do the best I can, I'm satisfied. If you want to bet, go bet with the dandelions. They've got more gold in 'em than we tumble-bugs have."

Now, whether it was the sweet drowsiness of the afternoon, or the unusual number of tumbles he took on the soft, carpet-like grass in and out among the apple-trees, neither Jimmieboy nor I have ever been able to discover, but all of a sudden Jimmieboy thought it would be pleasant to rest awhile; and to accomplish this desirable end he could think of nothing better than to throw himself down at the foot of what he had always called the stupid little apple-tree. It was a very pretty tree, but it was always behind-time with its blossoms. All the other trees in the orchard burst out into bloom at the proper time, but the stupid little apple-tree, like a small boy in school who isn't as smart as some other boys, was never ready when the others were, and that was why Jimmieboy called it stupid.

"Jimmieboy! Jimmieboy!"

He turned about to see who had addressed him, but there was nothing in sight but a huge bumblebee, and he was entirely too busy at his daily stint to be wasting any time on Jimmieboy.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Jimmieboy asked.

"I'm—I'm a friend of yours," said the voice. "Oh, a splendid friend of yours, even if I am stupid. Do you want to earn an apple?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "I'm very fond of apples—though I can get all I want without earning 'em."

"That's true enough," returned the voice; "but an apple you have given you isn't half so good as one you really earn all by yourself—*that's* why I want you to earn one. Of course I'll give you all the apples I've got, anyhow, but I'd like to have you earn one of 'em, just to show you how much better it tastes because you have earned it."

"All right," said Jimmieboy, politely. "I'm very much obliged to you, and I'll earn it if you'll tell me how. But, I say," he added, "I can't see you—who are you?"

"Can't see me? That's queer," said the voice. "I'm right here—can't you see the stupid little apple-tree that's keeping the sun off you and stretching its arms up over you?"

"Yes," Jimmieboy replied. "I can see that, but I can't see you."

"Why, I'm it," said the voice. "It's the stupid little apple-tree that's talking to you. I'm me."

Jimmieboy sat up and looked at the tree with a surprised delight. "Oh! that's it, eh?" he said. "You can talk, can you?"

"Certainly," said the tree. "You didn't think we poor trees stood out here year in and year out, in cold weather and in warm, in storm and in sunshine, never lying down, always standing, without being allowed to talk, did you? That would be dreadfully cruel. It's bad enough not to be able to move around. Think how much worse it would be if we had to keep silent all that time! You can judge for yourself what a fearfully dull time we would have of it when you consider how hard it is for you to sit still in school for an hour without speaking."

"I just simply can't do it," said Jimmieboy. "That's the only thing my teacher don't like about me. She says I'm movey and loquacious."

"I don't know what loquacious means," said the tree.

"Neither do I," said Jimmieboy, "but I guess it has something to do with talking too much when you hadn't ought to. But tell me, Mr. Tree, how can I earn the apple?"

"Don't be so formal," said the tree. "Don't call me Mr. Tree. You've known me long enough to be more intimate."

"Very well," said Jimmieboy. "I'll call you whatever you want me to. What shall I call you?"

"Call me Stoopy," said the tree, softly. "Stoopy for short. I always liked that name."

Jimmieboy laughed. "It's an awful funny name," he said. "Stoopy! Ha-ha-ha! What's it short for?"

"Stupid," said the tree. "That is, while it's quite as long as Stupid, it seems shorter. Anyhow, it's more affectionate, and that's why I want you to call me by it."

"Very well, Stoopy," said Jimmieboy. "Now, about the apple. Have you got it with you?"

"No," returned the tree. "But I'm making it, and it's going to be the finest apple you ever saw. It will have bigger, redder cheeks than any other apple in the world, and it'll have a core in it that will be just as good to eat as marmalade, and it'll be all for you if you'll do something for me to-morrow."

"I'll do it if I can," said Jimmieboy.

"Of course—that's what I mean," said Stoopy. "Nobody can do a thing he can't do; and if you find that you can't do it, don't do it; you'll get the apple just the same, only you won't have earned it, and it may not seem so good, particularly the core. I suppose you know that to-morrow is Decoration Day?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jimmieboy. "Mamma's going to send a lot of flowers to the Committee, and papa's going to take me to see the soldiers, and after that I'm going over to the semingary to see them decorate the graves."

"That's what I thought," said the tree, with a sigh. "I wish I could go. There's nothing I'd like to do better than to go over there and drop a lot of blossoms around on the graves of the men who went to war and lost their lives so that you might have a country, and we trees could grow in peace without being afraid of having a cannon-ball shot into us, cutting us in two—but I want to tell you a little story about all that. You didn't know I was planted by a little boy who went to the war and got killed, did you?"

"No," returned Jimmieboy, softly. "I didn't know that. I asked papa one day who planted you, and he said he guessed you just grew."

"Well, that's true, I did just grow," said Stoopy, "but I had to be planted first, and I was planted right here by a little boy only ten years old. He was awfully good to me, too. He used to take care of me just as if I were a little baby. I wasn't more than half as tall as he was when he set me out here, and I was his tree, and he was proud as could be to feel that he owned me; and he used to tell me that when I grew big and had apples he was going to sell the apples and buy nice things for his mother with the money he got for 'em. We grew up together. He took such good care of me that I soon got to be taller than he was, and the taller I became the prouder he was of me. Oh, he was a fine boy, Jimmieboy, and as he grew up his mother and father were awfully proud of him. And then the war broke out. He was a little over twenty years old then, and he couldn't be kept from going to fight. He joined the regiment that was raised here, and after a little while he said good-by to his mother and father, and then he came out here to me and put his arms around my trunk and kissed me good-by too, and he plucked a little sprig of leaves from one of my branches and put it in his buttonhole, and then he went away. That was the last time I saw him. He was killed in his first battle."

Here Stoopy paused for an instant, and trembled a little, and a few blossoms fell like trickling tear-drops, and fluttered softly to the ground.

"They brought him home and buried him out there in the semingary," the tree added, "and that was the end of it. His father and mother didn't live very long after that, and then there wasn't anybody to take care of his grave any more. When that happened, I made up my mind that I'd do what I could; but around here all the apple-blossoms are withered and gone by the time Decoration Day comes, and nobody would take plain leaves like mine to put on a soldier's grave, so I began to put off blossoming until a little later than the other trees, and that's how I came to be called the stupid little apple-tree. Nobody knew why I did it, but I did, and so I didn't mind being called stupid. I was doing it all for him, and every year since then I've been late, but on Decoration Day I've always had blossoms ready. The trouble has been, though, that nobody has ever come for 'em, and I've had all my work and trouble so far for nothing."

"I see," said Jimmieboy, softly. "What you want me to do is to take some of your blossoms over there to-morrow and put 'em—put 'em where you want 'em put."

"That's it, that's it!" cried the stupid little apple-tree, eagerly. "Oh, if you only will, Jimmieboy!"

"Indeed I will," said Jimmieboy. "I'll come here in the morning and gather up the blossoms, and take every one you have ready over in a basket, and I'll get papa to find out where your master's grave is, and he'll have every one of them."

"Thank you, thank you," returned Stoopy; "and you'll find that all I've said about your apple will come true, and after this I'll be *your* tree forever and forever."

Jimmieboy was about to reply, when an inconsiderate tumble-bug tripped over his hand, which lay flat on the grass, and in an instant all of the boy's thoughts on the subject fled from his mind, and he found himself sitting up on the grass, gazing sleepily about him. He knew that he had probably been dreaming, although he is by no means certain that that was the case, for, as if to remind him of his promise, as he started to rise, a handful of blossoms loosened by the freshening evening breezes came fluttering down into his lap, and the little lad resolved that, dream or no dream, he would look up the whereabouts of the young soldier-boy's grave, and would decorate it with apple-blossoms, and these from the stupid little apple-tree only.

And that is why one long-forgotten soldier's grave in the cemetery across the hills back of Jimmieboy's house was white and sweetly fragrant with apple-blossoms when the sun had gone down upon Decoration Day.

As for the stupid little apple-tree, it is still at work upon the marvelously red-cheeked apple which Jimmieboy is to claim as his reward.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Associations of Heaven

By the Rev. Horatio Oliver Ladd, M.A.[1]

And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—Luke xiii., 29.

The doctrine of Christ concerning "last things" was carefully sought by enemies and spies about him as well as by his disciples. His apparently unpremeditated revelations of the conditions that will finally prevail in the kingdom of God are suggestive of the most precious hopes and serious warnings to all who believe in him.

The words which constitute my text this morning were spoken in reproof and warning to Jewish hearers who trusted in their national religion as a security from future ills in the world to come. Because they were descended from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they believed that they would be associated with them in the eternal life, so that they asked, rather confidently, "Are those that will be saved few?" Our Lord replied that they themselves will be thrust out from the kingdom of God when the gathering from east and west and north and south shall include those who are accepted and saved for eternal happiness.

We may, then, take up this saying as a promise of God to those who truly believe in and follow Christ, as well as a warning to those who do not. It shall teach us of the associations of the redeemed in heaven. We long to know what the life in paradise is. We would give all that this world offers of temporal enjoyment if we could be sure that heaven will be the fulfillment of the dearest relationships and most prized occupations of this life.

I. That which constitutes the bond of association in the kingdom of God is (1) likeness to God. They are like God in spirit, as there is kinship in a family. They are like Him in whom centers the life and from whom flows the happiness of heaven. To be like God one must be a lover of truth. To love truth is to seek and to hold things as they are made and exist in the harmonious constitution of the material and moral world.

There is an absolute condition of things which our faculties reach after and will sometime apprehend. The truth of material facts, no less than the truth of moral facts and principles, exists. These the mind that is like God will seek and hold irrespective of the sayings of those who, however great their wisdom and authority in the past, have been deceived, mistaken, or prejudiced in their knowledge.

There is, therefore, in the communion of saints a common love of what is true, as God loves and knows truth; of what is just in the relations of one to another; of what is merciful where there has been weakness and sin; of what is benevolent and what is quickening to and promotive of the intellectual and spiritual faculties, as in contrast with what is malicious, material, or fleshly in the spirit. These qualities constitute that purity of heart and holiness without which none can see God.

2. They have in common a love towards God. This love springs from a sense of his perfection of character, and of his benevolence towards his creation. This love shared in common by the saints will make this heterogeneous assembly of spirits possess a bond of association stronger than any other can be. It will excite the noblest powers of every individual in that host to their highest exercise. It will make the contemplation of God's perfections and works an inexpressible delight; and when all have the same joy, there is an intensifying of the life and strength of union that makes the association dear and blissful.

3. The next thing to be thought of which constitutes this bond of association is the consciousness of these spirits that they possess, with this infinite and holy and loving God, all that is holy and good in the universe. These inherit the good he has made to exist. These share the glory and enjoy the greatness of his creation. They possess worlds with him, and whatever may be the wonders these worlds contain. They are never to be in conflict with any beings who are holy in this universe, since they are themselves holy, the children of God in deed and in truth.

II. We now consider who compose this company of the redeemed. They are the holy of all ages and religions on the earth.

Our Lord Jesus, as a teacher of men, and as the Son of God incarnate in human nature, described the present and future condition of mankind rather than of the holy beings of other worlds. Yet they, too, are incidentally included in this vast association of the just. We might speculate on the names and characters in the history of mankind, as to their membership in this kingdom of heaven. Our Lord in our text expressly mentions three typical characters—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He has elsewhere shown that Moses and Elijah are there. He has declared that the eleven Apostles are there. He promised that the repentant thief on the cross should be there. The seventy Apostles who went out first while he was on earth to proclaim his Gospel and beneficent power to heal are there, since he told them to rejoice that their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Here are the beginnings of records and intimations of individual recognitions in the kingdom of God. Let them indicate to you, as well as they may, the characters of the rest of the mighty throng, and the personal identity of characters which they preserve in that glorified state.

There are no exclusive privileges of nation, or of any age of the world, that admit to this assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, or of the sinful made holy through redeeming grace. Wherever men have sought God, loved God, and been Godlike in character, there have they been preparing to enter this kingdom of the redeemed.

Why follow only along the line of patriarchs, kings, and prophets to find the holy among them? Countless mothers of these nations have taught their households piety, and been its examples, while the stronger and more irreligious men performed those deeds of violence, cruelty, and lust which have been the criteria of judgment for their universal moral condemnation by later peoples. Moreover, from these and other early and later ages and nations shall be gathered innumerable spirits of children who never knew the defilements of conscious sin, but have been rescued by redeeming grace. They shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of God! It will not be such a select company of mankind as to race and religions, if we get at the spirit of our Lord's words, as exclusive Christian dogmatism has made so many to imagine. Our Lord himself spoke of that other fold among the nations from which the kingdom of God would be filled up. From age to age of the world, the angels have gone as reapers to gather in this harvest of the just.

III. But what will be the *occupations* of this vast multitude?

1. They will be impelled with a quenchless and exultant desire for knowledge. The knowledge of God and of his ways in the works of his creation; of the history of other worlds and systems of worlds; of the beings that have inhabited them, or that fill the history of other planets as well as of this, will excite ceaseless activity and interest. Do you say that knowledge is not the chief desire of the human spirit, when you see the hundreds of thousands that from east and west, from north and south, across the oceans and plains, from all over the earth, sought the sights of the Columbian Exposition? There is not a healthy human mind that would not be curious, if it could reach that spot, to know what man has invented and made in every department, however foreign to his usual mode of life; to discover how the nations live and toil for daily bread, what they produce, what they wear, what they think, in arts, in manufactures, in foods, in books, in schools and industrial institutions, in trades, in amusements. "The proper study of mankind is man." The press to-day in the hands of millions of readers shows that it excites universal interest. So, in the associations of the kingdom of God, knowledge will be the universal pursuit. These worlds that fly apace; these ages of a single world; these evolutions

[1] Rector of Trinity Church, Fishkill, N. Y.

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of countless forms of life and of material structure as well as of intelligent being—how God made them all out of his own glorious thoughts and skill, and set in array the orders of worlds and of life, will be endless themes for search.

2. The hosts of the redeemed in heaven will find it their delightful desire and occupation to know the characters who have triumphed over sin and death. They will seek to know those who have led the thoughts of nations, and even those who have blessed the homes of other worlds. These angel spirits that will mingle in that association of heaven with the redeemed from earth will be an endless incitement to happiness; these personal recognitions and histories, this companionship of the redeemed and of the holy of all worlds, will constitute some of the delights of heavenly fellowship.

3. But a higher incitement and hope yet remains for us to contemplate for the associations of the kingdom of God. It will be the privilege of serving the Divine Being who has created all this array of life and redeemed these spirits from sin and ignorance and imperfection. The countless forms of ministering to eager spirits will be an increasing joy to these glorified ones. To teach them and to inspire them by eloquence, by the rhapsodies of music, or by depicting to them glories of a heavenly art; to lead them along the ages of other world-histories; to show them the mission of sorrow and pain and their consummation in preparing for eternal joy—these may be the privileges of multitudes of the spirits of the just made perfect. There will be activities for all these, as there are here in this miniature earth. There will be a reach of power and service, with glorified faculties, that will make the life of the kingdom of God infinitely superior to the life on earth. Every one will find his own activity and opportunity of service, or capacity to receive the grace that others will give.

4. There will not even be occasion to fear that those who are dear and essential to the happiness of any redeemed one will be kept from recognition. The question, "Shall we know each other there?" will be answered in fullest experience of every longing heart, satisfied with such love and companionship as could not in the earthly life be attained.

And once more we may glance through the veil to take a last view of what that association promises in the kingdom of God.

5. It is not only the knowledge and love of God, of Christ, of angels, and of kindred spirits, that will occupy the mind, but there is the promise of the unalloyed pleasure of *hope*—"hope that maketh not ashamed," hope that cannot be taken away; of a continuance of such activities and enjoyment that can never cease, never be interrupted, never be taken away from those who have entered the realms of the blest, and have sat down in the kingdom of God to receive the everlasting rewards of righteousness and of faith in Him who has redeemed us by His blood.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

The Passover [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The Passover is, apparently, the earliest of the sacrifices in the Jewish ritual. It is clearly the precursor and prototype of the Lord's Supper. The latter was primarily a celebration by our Lord and his disciples of the former. The one, therefore, throws light upon the other, and both throw light upon the significance of Christ's death. Looking at the latter in the light of the historic type which foretold and pointed to it, we may draw some lessons from the comparison.

I. There is a significance in the death of Christ; there is a meaning in the shedding of his blood. It is true that false meaning has been attributed to that death; it is true that literalism, which ruins everything it touches with its unholy hands, has turned the symbol of the blood into a revolting imagery. But the true way to empty words of false meaning is, not to abolish them altogether, but to fill them with a true, pure meaning. The way to redeem a symbol from misuse is to appreciate its right use. There could have been no Passover if there had been no slaying of a lamb and no blood shed. This was not a mere incident; it was an essential part of the Passover.

And it is hardly possible for any unprejudiced reader of the New Testament to doubt that, in Paul's thought at least, and in John's not less, the death and sacrifice of Christ had an essential part in the redemption of the world. The Apostles looked upon Christ, not merely as a Teacher, revealing truth, nor merely as an Exemplar, revealing life, but as a Saviour, in some way redeeming mankind by his sufferings and death. His sacrifice was vital and essential to the consummation of his life.

II. The eating of the lamb was an essential part of the Passover. The family were to partake of it in a household meal. And this united the nation as one family, and united it to Jehovah as its Head.

The significance of eating as a sacrament—that is, as a means of ratifying and sealing a solemn covenant—Dr. Trumbull has shown very clearly in his "Blood Covenant." The meaning of this symbol Christ has interpreted clearly in the sixth chapter of John's Gospel. Whatever else Christ may mean to us, he cannot be a Saviour unless we realize in our spiritual experience this symbol of eating of the Lamb that was slain. The symbol appears to me tolerably clear in its meaning. The body grows by what it feeds on; but not less do the mind and the spirit. Christ must personally enter into us, and become the life of our life. Our deepest and inmost spiritual nature must be nurtured on him. If we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his; and this means, not merely a spirit like his, but his spirit dwelling in and nurturing ours.

III. The blood of the Passover lamb was struck upon the side-posts of the house. It was a mark that distinguished the houses of Israel from those of the Egyptians. It was not enough to slay the lamb, and eat of it; it was necessary to be marked and designated openly and publicly as obedient to this command.

The follower of Christ must be an open and avowed follower. He must designate himself so that he will be recognized as Christ's anywhere and at all times. He must be loyal to Christ; and secret loyalty is not loyalty at all.

IV. The end of this service was deliverance. There was, as a result of it, a real escape from peril, a real emancipation from an otherwise pending death-sentence. Through the death of the lamb, the feeding upon it, and putting the blood upon the side-posts, the household was delivered from the death-angel, and enlisted in the army which moved forth in the morning to liberty and a new life.

The wages of sin is death; the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is a real deliverance, a real gift, a real escape, a real emancipation. Salvation is a real escape from a real peril; a real emancipation from a real bondage into a real and glorious liberty.

Purposely I write these paragraphs without philosophizing, or attempting accurate theological definitions. For my purpose here is not to import into the Passover modern theology, but to lead the reader to consider the facts of Christ's redeeming work as they are interpreted by this ancient type and symbol. And it seems to me that, so interpreted, it means at least these four things:

Sacrifice; participation; confession; salvation.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
—*Cowper.*

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for June 3, 1894.—Ex. xii., 1-14.

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Books and Authors

The United States Navy[1]

In parting with Louisiana, Napoleon said: "I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Remembering what the infant navy of the Colonies had accomplished during the Revolution, there was in 1803 already a basis for Napoleon's prophecy. How this prophecy was fulfilled nine years later is narrated in the last two hundred pages of the first volume of Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of the United States Navy," a handsome octavo, with large clear type, bound in navy blue, the front cover effectively ornamented with a symbolic design in raised bronze.

Through access to the French naval records, Mr. Maclay has been able to add considerably to our knowledge of our two and a half years' naval war with France which began in 1798; but all access to the British Admiralty archives was refused him. Mr. Maclay has, in the main, done his work well. We recognize portions of his material as having been utilized for magazine articles during the past few years; and if we have any fault to find with his style, it is in his dropping from the picturesque style of these portions to the set narrative, which results in a certain unevenness in his manner of telling the story.

The book opens with an introduction in which are considered the excuses put forth by English naval writers for the disasters to the British navy in the War of 1812, in which the vessels of the United States were victorious in fifteen out of eighteen engagements, with a startling disparity of killed and wounded in favor of our vessels, showing the deadly accuracy of their fire. It may be interesting to note that in the last great sea-duel between American and English gunners—it being believed that the Alabama had many of these aboard—there was the same difference in gunnery, the fire from the Kearsarge being as deadly as that poured into the English ships by the American frigates in the War of 1812. Mr. Maclay finds one cause for the British naval disasters in that war in the overweening confidence of the British officers, who had been spoiled by their too easy victories over the French and Spanish. It seems to us that much of the matter in this introduction should rather have been incorporated into the narrative of the War of 1812.

Naturally, the most interesting chapter in the account of our navy during the Revolution is that which tells the story of the engagement between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis, in the German Ocean. There can be no doubt that Paul Jones was the hero of the greatest sea-duel ever fought. Many remarkable circumstances give dramatic interest to this battle. The fact that the severest fighting was done by moonlight; the quickness with which Captain Jones utilized every expedient which chance threw in his way; his reply, "I have not yet begun to fight," when the Englishman, seeing his desperate plight, asked if he had surrendered; the endurance displayed on both sides, unsurpassed in naval history; and the final surrender of the Serapis, reduced to a wreck, while the victorious vessel was herself on fire and in a sinking condition—the Bonhomme Richard actually went down the next morning, and the victors returned to port in the Serapis—combine to render Captain Jones's victory a most extraordinary one. It was one with great odds against him. At the first broadside two of his 18-pounders burst, and the whole battery was abandoned, so that he had only 12 and 9-pounders to rely on. The Bonhomme Richard was a refitted merchantman, whereas the Serapis was a new frigate. During the action the Englishman fouled the Bonhomme Richard with his jib-boom, and Captain Jones, knowing that his only chance lay at close quarters, lashed with his own hands the spar to his rigging. At a critical juncture, the Alliance, a vessel of Jones's squadron, hove in sight, and Jones, relying on her aid, considered the battle his; but her French captain treacherously fired into the Bonhomme Richard, head, stern, and broadside, seriously damaging her, and killing and wounding a number of men. Jones had many English prisoners, taken earlier in his cruise, aboard his ship. These had been released without authority, and were creating great confusion. Circulating the report that the Serapis was sinking, and that their only safety lay in keeping the Bonhomme Richard afloat, Jones induced his prisoners to man the pumps and fight the flames with frantic energy.

We wish the author had added to his account of this action Walt Whitman's spirited poem, in which the story of this great sea-duel is told with extraordinary terseness and vigor:

> Serene stands the little captain,
> He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,
> His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

The second part of Mr. Maclay's history is taken up with the wars with Tripoli and France, and the third part with a portion of the War of 1812. Spirited accounts are given of the famous chase of the Constitution (Captain Hull escaping from his numerous pursuers only by the adroit use of every device known to seamanship), and of the various frigate and sloop actions. In the first frigate action, that between the Constitution and the Guerrière, Hull reserved his fire some time after the enemy opened, several of his own men being killed. With perfect discipline, the American gunners stood at quarters until, when about forty yards off the enemy's bow quarter, Captain Hull gave the order to fire. Then the Constitution belched forth a storm of iron hail that carried death and destruction to her opponent, which in forty minutes was rolling dismasted in the trough of the sea. Later in the war, Lawrence, in the Hornet, sunk the Peacock in eleven minutes. The Constitution is our "Old Ironsides," which is still preserved at the Portsmouth Navy-Yard, we believe.

The volume concludes with the operations on the Great Lakes, and Porter's famous cruise in the Pacific with the Essex.

Mr. Davidson's spirited illustrations and maps and diagrams enhance the value of the work, which, strange as it may seem, is the first continuous record of the brilliant achievements of the United States Navy.

[1] *A History of the United States Navy from 1775 to 1893.* By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. With Technical Revision by Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, U.S.N. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

An "Apostle of Evolution"[1]

Now and then a truly original worker arises. Such men are precious; their memory should live. In this book John Fiske gives us a sketch of the life of a man of this kind—Edward Livingston Youmans. For many years fate seemed against this man. Born in modest conditions, his younger days were those of hard work. Industrious, intelligent, a diligent reader, a clear thinker, the young man was looking forward to a college educat on and a career. Then blindness came upon him, disarranging his plans, and for nearly thirteen years making success seem almost hopeless. But even then he was working constantly and supporting himself by such literary work as he could secure. With his devoted sister's help, he worked for months upon a history of the progress of discovery and invention. Just before it was completed Mr. Putnam published a work of similar scope and character. At this time of disappointment family affairs were in an unfortunate state: what wonder that the blind man should lose his courage? We hear him saying, "I must give up this struggle; it's of no use going on in this way; my case is hopeless." But brighter days were coming. Mr. Youmans devised an ingenious series of colored diagrams illustrating the principles of chemistry, which met with great favor. The encouraged author went on to a new work—a text-book of arithmetic on scientific principles. A second time he suffered a bitter disappointment. "Horace Mann had just published an arithmetic on precisely the same plan. But he was not to be ever thus cut out from the credit of his ideas; he had been for some time urged to prepare a chemistry text-book to accompany

[1] *Edward Livingston Youmans: Interpreter of Science for the People.* By John Fiske. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

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his diagrams. This at last he did," and it appeared in 1851. It was an immediate and pronounced success, over 150,000 copies having been sold. "In every State of the Union teachers and pupils welcomed the book. . . . At that time a spark of enthusiasm was no more expected in a text-book of chemistry than in a treatise on contingent remainders, but in Youmans's pages the chemical elements were alive."

About the time of the appearance of this text-book Mr. Youmans regained his sight. At the same time he began to lecture upon scientific subjects. Fiske describes his first effort:

Probably no lecturer ever faced his first audience without some trepidation, and Youmans had not the mainstay and refuge afforded by a manuscript, for his sight was never good enough to make such an aid available for his lectures. At first the right words were slow in finding their way to those ready lips, and his friends were beginning to grow anxious, when all at once a happy accident broke the spell. He was remarking upon the characteristic instability of nitrogen, and pointing to a jar of that gas on the table before him, when some fidgety movement of his knocked the jar off the table. He improved the occasion with one of his *bons mots*, and as there is nothing that greases the wheels of life like a laugh, the lecture went on to a successful close. At the end of the series a general wish was expressed that the lectures should be repeated in a larger audience-room. This began an important career of lecturing. Mr. Youmans greatly enjoyed the work, and certainly did much good by it.

Youmans was the "Apostle of Evolution" in America. In every way he tried to further its cause. He interested the Appletons in the publication of American editions of Tyndall, Huxley, Bain, and other English writers. Early interested in Mr. Spencer's philosophy, Mr. Youmans did much to advance it in this country. Mr. Spencer's writings were not, at first, very successful in England in a pecuniary way. The support of America was relatively great. At one time Spencer's work came near to collapse. At this juncture Youmans interested himself:

It is delightful [says Mr. Fiske] to remember the vigor with which our dear friend took up this task. It was more of "his kind of work," and, as usual, it was successful. The sum of seven thousand dollars was raised, and invested in American securities in Mr. Spencer's name. If he did not see fit to accept these securities, they would go without an owner.

Mr. Youmans took the gift to England, and had the satisfaction of seeing the work going on. Absolute forgetfulness of himself in service of others was one of Youmans's most striking characteristics. His was a truly noble and beautiful character. In one place his biographer says: "And from that time forth, it always seemed as if, whenever any of the good or lovely things of life came to my lot, somehow or other Edward Youmans was either the cause of it, or, at any rate, intimately concerned with it."

Important labors of Mr. Youmans were the "International Scientific Series" and the "Popular Science Monthly." The former was a series of uniform volumes, for intelligent but non-specialist readers, prepared by the master workers in the different sciences. The series has been successful beyond all expectation, and comprises some seventy important works. These appear simultaneously in England, France, Germany, and America. Some of them have also appeared in Russia and Italy.

The "Popular Science Monthly" was another attempt to bring sound scientific matter to general readers. The magazine was founded by Mr. Youmans, and edited by him until his death in 1887. As an editor he was a power, writing ably, boldly, independently, upon the burning questions of the time. Through his journal he has exerted a vast influence.

Such was the work—in part—of this noble man. Debarred by unfortunate circumstances from carrying out his early plans, he nevertheless made a profound success, and richly deserves Mr. Fiske's appellation—*Interpreter of Science for the People.*

A half-century has elapsed since Dr. John Mason Neale, the founder of St. Margaret's Sisterhood, East Grinstead, put forth, in collaboration with Benjamin Webb, the translation of the first book of the *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum* of Durandus, a thirteenth-century writer. This book of Durandus enjoys the distinction of being the first printed after the Holy Scriptures, which is an indication of the estimation and vogue it had in the past centuries. The translation calls for no especial comment; the Latin of the versatile Bishop of Mende presents no great difficulties. It appears from the preface that the authors were obliged to use antique copies, with ligatured text; the reader of the present day may, for a moderate price, get the Naples edition, 1859, which is perfectly plain. The really important part of this book, *The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments*, is the Introduction, on the intention of artists and builders in the Middle Ages to make every detail symbolic. We have always believed that the argument was carried too far. Any one who reads through this whole work of Durandus cannot help perceiving that it contains much whimsicality. The fact is that some elements of ecclesiastical art and ceremony arose from primitive custom, some from the intent to dramatize, some from purposes of utility, some from purely æsthetic motives, and some from desire to symbolize. The last purpose received a powerful impulse from this same "Rationale of the Divine Offices," which Durandus wrote in the thirteenth century. This translation, with its essay, had long been out of print, and become rare and expensive. It is now reissued by Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, without any alterations or additions that we can discover. The book will, we suppose, always have an interest for students of mediæval art and ritual.

To understand and report things *Overheard in Arcady* one must possess a delicate perception, a nice sense of discrimination, humor, and that lightness of touch which enables one to convey the delicate shadings of character and ideas. These gifts Mr. Robert Bridges possesses, as the readers of "Life" have found out during the past six months, and the charming series of sketches in which he has preserved the conversation "overheard in Arcady" form a very delightful volume. The idea of the book is enticing, but would have been elusive to any but a skilled hand. There is a delightful audacity in the conception of bringing together the characters of an author's brain and then inviting them to sit in judgment on the work of their creator. This is what Mr. Bridges has done. He has brought together the typical characters in the stories of Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Barrie, and others, set them in skillful contrast with each other, induced each one to speak according to his or her nature, and used the whole contrivance as an instrument of suggestive and at times of very effective criticism. The book shows a very keen perception of the strength and weakness of the different writers discussed, and great skill, in a light and conversational way, of bringing out their strong and weak points. There is a good deal more criticism in this dainty book than in many a volume of more serious aspect. The sketches are of uneven excellence, but the style as a whole is very felicitous, with occasional touches of a very delicate and fine order. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Professor George L. Raymond's new book, *Art in Theory: An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Æsthetics*, is an essay towards a criticism and reconciliation of the warring theories about the principle of beauty. The speculations of Professor Raymond are deep and acute, and the theory which he propounds is rational. His position is not strictly that of an eclectic, but he does recognize the truths in the various schools of the philosophy of the fine arts, and combines these truths into one, leaving out the errors that, from *a priori* methods, their authors attached to them. The fundamental principle from which he starts out is so clear as to approve itself to the mind of any reader. As a contribution to the history and philosophy of æsthetics, we regard it as having the character of an eirenicon. The general ideas of the foundation of our sense of pleasure which leads us to call some objects beautiful are the same in this work as those laid down in "The Genesis of Art Form," which was reviewed in The Outlook (July 29, 1893); therefore we need not repeat what we then said. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The genial Dean of Rochester, S. Reynolds Hole, whose visit to this country has been expected with welcome by many who were charmed at reading his "Memories," has put forth a volume of *Addresses Spoken to Workingmen from Pulpit and Platform.* (T. Whittaker, New York.) Dean Hole is good-natured almost to the point of contemptuousness about the newer thinking of social Christianity. He warns his hearers against expecting too much relief from new methods. His position is substantially that things cannot be much better than they have always been; there have always been poverty, social inequality, civil

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dishonesty, ignorance, and the like, and there always must be. The tune seems somewhat familiar. Nevertheless there are many things of solid sense said by the Dean, and our new reformers will be wise in taking them into consideration. The industrial problem has been under earnest consideration for some thousands of years, and we do not appear to have yet reached an entirely satisfactory conclusion.

No one would think of calling Canon Bright a brilliant historical writer, but it is true that whatever he writes has solid value. He does not even pretend to be unbiased; the ecclesiastical side of things claims his frank adherence. He is not critical nor analytical, and the student will not be startled in studying his pages by falling upon any wild conjectures or original theories. Canon Bright belongs to the strictly conservative school, and he walks carefully in the safe pathways. *Waymarks in Church History*, by William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, is the work which occasions these remarks. It is a series of twelve studies, of a theological complexion, and extending in consideration from Gnosticism to Laud. The general reader will profit by the book; the scholar will not. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The New Testament and its Writers: Being an Introduction to the Books of the New Testament, by the Rev. J. A. McClymont, B.D. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), is a book which may be useful, not only to the ministers, but to their congregations. It is what its title describes it—an introduction to the New Testament in general, and to its several books in particular. The tone of the book is conservative in the best sense, and the author shows much familiarity with the literature of the critical school, although he does not see fit to adopt all its conclusions. The style of his writing is clear, and his arrangement of his material so orderly as to make it easy to quickly find his statements on any required point. As an outline to the study of the New Testament we think it admirably suited for the use of Bible-classes, in which its fullness and compactness will meet with appreciation.

The commentary on the *Epistle of Paul to the Romans* in the Expositor's Bible is by H. C. G. Moule. Ignoring the grand sweep of the composition, which has the unity and coherence of an oration, Principal Moule makes a running comment with a version of his own. The version is excellent, and the commentary is morally inspiring. The author of the exposition has wisely ignored all matters of criticism, and accepts the Judaism of the letter without any question. His purpose is ethical and devotional, not theological and critical. There are passages in the commentary that are fine and inspiring. It seems to us among the most valuable volumes of this series. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

The patristic and mediæval method of what was called mystical exegesis of the Holy Scriptures has been revived, in his own original way, by the Rev. David Burns, of Glasgow, in a book called *Sayings in Symbol: Essays Suggested by Bible Figures*. The method is ingenious and the results are often pleasing. Of course, one by this method does conspicuously take out of the Scripture no more than he puts in, for, at the best, the way is arbitrary and in danger of running into vagaries. These essays are not eccentric, and they are often suggestive of poetical thoughts. They may be proposed for pious or devotional reading. (Hodder & Stoughton, London.)

We can do no more than call attention to a valuable book on the *Sunday Problem: Its Present-day Aspects; Physiological, Industrial, Social, Political, Religious*. The papers have been prepared by eminent ecclesiastics, philanthropists, and sociologists. The Sunday question is, for many, a painful and urgent issue. To such this book will have a positive value and usefulness far beyond its cost. These papers were presented first at the World's Fair Congress on the subject of Sunday Rest. (James H. Earle, Boston.)

Literary Notes

—Mr. Clark Russell's next book is to be named "A Heart of Oak."

—Mr. Harrison S. Morris's first volume of verse is on the point of publication.

—Professor Henry Drummond's new book, "The Ascent of Man," is almost ready.

—That most quickly successful of novelists, the author of "The Stickit Minister" and of "The Raiders," is, as might be expected, going to follow up these triumphs by the publication of another story. Mr. Crockett's new work will be entitled "The Killing-Time."

—Mr. Walter Besant's last book, still unfinished, is to be called "A Crown Windfall."

—Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, upon which he is now at work, is called "Love in Idleness."

—The autobiography of a young doctor will be the subject-matter in Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Stark-Monroe Letters."

—Mr. Noah Brooks, who has resigned from his Newark paper, is about publishing "Tales from the Maine Coast," a volume of short stories.

—Quickly following Mr. Murray's admirable work, a new book on Japan is announced to be shortly forthcoming. Its author is Mr. H. T. Finck.

—Congressman Thomas Dunn English has two claims to literary distinction. He is the author of "Ben Bolt," and he once thrashed Edgar Allan Poe.

—Alfred Altherr, the pastor of St. Leonard's Church at Basle, Switzerland, is the last biographer of Theodore Parker. The book will be read with interest in this country, and a translation will probably be demanded.

—The influence of English literature on French writers of the last century is clearly set forth in M. Louis Ducros's new book, "Diderot." Richardson, it seems, was the cause of "La Religieuse," and Sterne of "Jacques le Fataliste."

—M. Georges Meunier has hit upon an excellent plan in his new book, "Les Grands Historiens du dix-neuvième Siècle," in giving brief accounts of all the best-known French historians of our century, together with extracts from their works.

—In a comparative statement of American university libraries, it is interesting to note that Harvard has 430,000 volumes; the University of Chicago, 250,000; Yale, 180,000; Columbia, 165,000; Cornell, 150,000; and the University of Pennsylvania, 100,000. All others are below that figure.

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is complaining of the portraits which are published as supposedly giving a tolerably correct likeness of the author of "David Balfour," and remarks that "they represent every type, from the most godlike creatures to the criminal classes, and their descriptions of me vary in proportion—from a man with a 'noble bearing' to a 'blighted boy.' I don't mind what they say, as a general rule, only I did object when somewhere in the States an interviewer wrote: 'A tall, willowy column supported his classic head, from which proceeded a hacking cough.' I could not forgive that!"

—It is announced that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" will be published in the late autumn. Since the beginning of the present reign, in 1837, the field of British poetry has been a broad and rich one, and has already been surveyed and criticised by Mr. Stedman in his "Victorian Poets," a book which has deservedly gone through many editions. The new work, in being made up of selections illustrative of the "Victorian Poets," will therefore be a companion to that review. Mr. Stedman says that this period has been richer in imaginative literature than any age since the Elizabethan.

—Madame Sarah Grand has been reassuring the world as to her real aggressiveness. She says, in answer to a question as to whether woman should be domesticated: "Absolutely. That is her line. I myself, busy as I am, know all the details of my *ménage*. I love domesticity, and sometimes long to throw down my pen and take up a piece of plain needlework." Nor does she believe in "the hackneyed use of the expression 'Emancipation.' Not in the emancipation of women from womanliness and the natural ties of wedlock, but certainly in emancipation from shallowness and ignorance."

—Dr. Philip Spitta, who has just died at the early age of fifty-four, had been, since 1875, the Professor of Musical History at the Berlin Academy of Music, and his loss will be severely felt there, as in the larger world for which he wrote. His "Life of Bach" is already a classic, and, as has been well said, his seventy-column article on Schumann in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is alone worth the price of that work. His literary style was of as high an order as his criticism. Among his manuscripts has been discovered a finished book on the romantic opera.

—In 1851 Charles Dickens persuaded Henry Morley to go up to London and assist him in the editorship of "Household Words." Morley had been trying his luck first at practicing medicine and then at school-teaching. From "Household Words" he went to "The Examiner;" then, from 1857 to 1865, was lecturer in English at King's College, and from 1865 to 1889 was Professor of English at University College, London. Upon his retirement to his country-seat at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, he was made emeritus professor. Few literary workers have been so industrious or so prolific as he, and a complete list of his books and contributions to the press would be a long one.

[For list of Books Received see page 933]

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The Religious World

The Seminaries

The various theological seminaries are just now holding their anniversaries. The "Interior" gives an enthusiastic account of the anniversary of the McCormick Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in Chicago. The "Congregationalist" gives an equally enthusiastic account of the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational). These institutions are among the largest in their denominations, and are doing great work in educating young men from the interior for the ministry. The Reformed Theological Seminary at New Brunswick graduated fourteen students, and the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton graduated eleven in the regular department, and nine in the English department. The anniversary of Rochester Seminary (Baptist) seems to have been one of the most successful in recent years, the chief address being given by Dr. S. J. McPherson, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Drew Theological Seminary is the largest institution for the training of ministers under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the East, and perhaps in the whole country. Its twenty-seventh anniversary was celebrated May 17. The graduating class was large. Among those who delivered addresses were Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India, Dr. Charles H. Payne, and the Rev. J. W. Ryder, of the Newark Conference. A feature of special interest in connection with this institution is the building of a new dormitory. It is to cost $100,000, to contain accommodation for one hundred students, and it is expected it will be finished and ready for occupancy before the opening of the next seminary year. It is the joint gift of two of the members of the Board of Trustees—William Hoyt and Samuel W. Browne. In our last issue we spoke of an address to be delivered before Union Theological Seminary on "The Relation between the Minister and Municipal Government" by Dr. Parkhurst. It was the writer's privilege to hear that address, and we re-echo the words of the accomplished President of that institution in saying that, as an example of courage and splendid loyalty to conviction, it was worth a whole year of ordinary training in homiletics. Dr. Parkhurst ought to give that address in many of our theological seminaries.

The Jubilee of the Liberation Society

One of the most prominent features of Nonconformist life in Great Britain is the Liberation Society, which was founded fifty years ago "to liberate religion in the British Empire from State interference." This combines men of various denominations, and has for its one object the disestablishment of the National Church. The fifty years of the existence of this society have been eventful ones, and great changes have taken place in that time. Few persons in this country are able to understand how great have been the changes in English ecclesiastical and political life during the past half-century. Not until 1829 was the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act passed; not until 1858 the Jewish Disabilities Act; and not until 1870 were the University Tests abolished. Until 1829 Roman Catholics could not sit in either House of Parliament; until 1858 Jews were excluded; not until 1869 were the governing bodies of grammar-schools open to all denominations; not until 1870 were the great universities freely accessible to the nation; and not until 1880 were services other than those of the Church of England permitted in parochial churchyards and consecrated portions of cemeteries. The contest has been a long one, but from the beginning until the present there has been a constant succession of hard-won victories. The jubilee of this Society has just been celebrated in London. Among the most important figures present at the different meetings were Mr. J. Carvell Williams, M.P., who is now recognized as the chief leader of the movement; the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton, who was the preacher; the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, Dr. Joseph Parker, and others equally prominent. The sermon of Dr. Berry is commended as one of the most eloquent and able which he has ever delivered. His subject was "The Kingship of Christ." One of the features of the meetings was the breakfast in the Holborn Restaurant given to the Liberation M.P.'s. One speaker, Mr. George Russell, M.P., answered very distinctly the question, What do Liberal Churchmen (*i. e.*, those who seek disestablishment) want? He replied: "They wish to see the Bishops removed from the House of Lords. They wish to have the disestablished clergy relieved of disabilities and allowed to enter Parliament. They demand that the extraordinarily corrupt and wicked system of private patronage should cease. Disestablishment means disendowment."

The West London Mission

The West London Mission, which is under the electrical leadership of Hugh Price Hughes, has just taken a decided step in advance. Its two chief places of work have been St. James's Hall and Wardour Hall. A great part of the social work of the mission has been done in the latter building, but the mission cannot arrange with the Commissioners of Court Lands satisfactory terms for the extension of their lease. Consequently, Craven Chapel, one of the historic Congregational churches of London, but one which has been largely deserted by its own constituency, has been transferred to the mission, and will henceforward take the place of Wardour Hall. Craven Chapel a few years ago was one of the most famous Congregational churches in London, and many in this country remember the wonderful power of Dr. Leifchild's ministry. Mr. Percy W. Bunting, editor of the "Contemporary Review," and one of the denominational editors of the "Review of the Churches," says: "The transfer of a chapel from one evangelical denomination to another need cause no regret. The only question should be, Who can work it best? But one cannot help asking why it should be necessary. It used to be said that the mission of the Congregational churches was to the middle classes, but this avowedly will hardly do for the new day. Congregationalists gave voice to 'The Bitter Cry;' they have founded the Mansfield Settlement, and are certainly not behind in social or mission work." Mr. Bunting does not answer his own question. Probably it needs no answer. Many of the strongest churches in the East of London and in the heart of the districts where poverty is greatest are Congregationalist churches. They are not forsaking the field. They are leaders in "the forward movement." The particular locality occupied by Craven Chapel, however, had ceased to be as strongly Congregational as heretofore, and it was seen that the work which was needed there could be better done under the leadership of Mr. Hughes. That tells the whole story. The splendid traditions of the past will not be dishonored in the future history of Craven Chapel.

Obituaries

During the past week two men, eminent in the Churches of which they were members, have passed away. We refer to the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, and the Rev. Edward Bright, D.D., editor of the "Examiner." Dr. Peck has been one of the most popular men in his Church, having preached both East and West, in Chicago, in Baltimore, in Brooklyn, and in New Haven. He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Beecher's, and a man deservedly honored and loved. He was elected to the position of Missionary Secretary in 1888, and re-elected in 1893. Dr. Bright was born in England, but came to this country when very young. We believe that his first pastorate was at Homer, N. Y., where he remained for a few years, and then accepted the post of Foreign Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In 1855 he came to New York and published the "Register," a Baptist weekly, the name of which he afterwards changed to the "Examiner." That paper has absorbed several others, and is now one of the leading papers of that denomination in the United States. Dr. Bright was an editor of rare skill and great energy and ability; he was a man of remarkable personality and strong convictions, and was a keen controversialist, a dangerous antagonist, and a warm friend.

Is This Race-Prejudice?

We have received from what seems to be a most reliable source facts which, if true, deserve condemnation, and which, if not true, should be distinctly and officially denied. It is said that several years ago a number of Armenians went from Turkey to California; that many of them were Christians; that a church was early organized, and that they

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soon, without outside help, erected a house of worship; that many Americans settled in the vicinity and became identified with the church, and that they were heartily received by the Armenians. A year ago the white people began what seemed to be a system of discrimination against the Armenians. It was demanded that they should sit by themselves, and the sacraments were to be administered to them separately. It was then publicly announced that no more would be admitted to the church, and that if any Armenians refused to sit in the seats set apart for them they would be ejected from the church, and at least one is said to have been expelled for taking a seat outside the prescribed limits. Our informant says that this colony in Fresno, Cal., has for years entirely supported a student in Euphrates College, Turkey, who is preparing for evangelical work among their people in Armenia, besides sending considerable sums of money home for other work. The writer of the statement, whose official position ought to make it impossible for him to be misinformed, protests vigorously against this action in a Christian church refusing the privileges of public worship to converts of the missionaries of the American Board. We have not given all the facts as stated in our communication, and are not to be understood as passing judgment. In this peculiar case, indeed, it is possible that we should not have referred to it at all were it not for the fact that the tendency to discriminate against various races is becoming altogether too prevalent; and every case, east or west, north or south, where such conditions exist ought to receive the unqualified condemnation of all who call themselves Christians. We should add that, since the most of this paragraph was written, an *ex-parte* council of churches has distinctly condemned the action of the majority in the church in Fresno. If the facts are as reported, the condemnation is justified.

A Correction

In a recent paragraph in this department we wrote of the work which had been done by the missions in Ceylon. The authority for our facts was one of the most reliable and widely circulated of missionary periodicals. The article was written by a native pastor, and, probably because not written in his own language, was not so clearly expressed as it would otherwise have been. We attributed a large part of the work done by American missionaries in Ceylon to English missionaries. It gives us great pleasure to make this correction, on the authority of one who was for several years a missionary on the island. The American missionaries went there in 1816. The schools which we had inferred were established by English missionaries before the Americans went to Ceylon, were established by the American missionaries. Our only mistake was in attributing to one class of workers results which belonged to another. The general transformation which has followed missionary activity is the essential point, and concerning that we are glad to observe that our honored correspondent fully indorses all that we have previously written.

The Missionaries Again

Among the most unprejudiced witnesses concerning the work of the missionaries in heathen lands is the Rev. Francis Tiffany, a Unitarian minister, who has been writing from India some admirable letters to the columns of the "Christian Register" of Boston. As to the work of the missionaries, he says that to them, "decried and sneered at on every hand, are due the inception of every reform in education, in medicine, in the idea of humanity, and the elevation of women, that was afterwards taken up by the British Government." Without quoting his exact words, we quote a condensation of them which conveys his meaning with perfect accuracy. He says in substance: "It seems to be the correct thing to speak with contempt of the missionaries, and then—to avoid being prejudiced in any way—carefully to refrain from going within ten miles of them or their work. The thing to do is to take for granted that they are narrow-minded bigots, bringing nothing but hell and fire into India. But those he met he found the most earnest and broad-minded men and women to be encountered anywhere, the best acquainted with Indian thought, customs, and inward life, and doing the most to elevate the rational and moral character of the nation. The dedication of the young missionary women to the task of lifting their sisters of India out of superstition and ignorance he found one of the most moving sights he ever beheld." The testimony of Mr. Tiffany is peculiarly valuable when it is remembered that he is a Unitarian.

The Pauline Brotherhood

In different places we have seen reference to a new organization which thus far, we believe, is found only in Universalist churches, the title of which is The Pauline Brotherhood. According to a recent "brief" in the "Christian Leader," this Brotherhood is an organization of young men, with headquarters at Canton Theological Seminary. Originally it contemplated only a guild of students, with a house, a common table, and provision for the benefit of the members. It has since been extended to individual churches, with the purpose of making a league of young men of the denomination for their benefit and for more efficient service in the Church. The Brotherhood has been in existence a little over two years, and now includes about one-half of the students at Canton Seminary, and several of the graduates. The original Chapter at Canton has a Fraternity Home for its undergraduate members. Just what work it proposes to do in the churches we are not informed, but in the Universalist denomination it is probably one branch of the great "forward movement" which is in all churches, and which has been made imperative by the social development of our time.

The General Assembly

From our own Correspondent

The one hundred and sixth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States opened its sessions at Saratoga Thursday morning, May 17, with a sermon by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. Willis G. Craig, D.D. Dr. Craig took for his text the verses from the twentieth chapter of Acts: "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." On these words he proceeded to build an elaborate defense of the doctrine of inerrancy declared by the Assemblies of Portland and Washington. His point was that the Presbyterian Church had placed in the forefront of her symbolic testimony the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. He described the Holy Scriptures as a great body of infallible, inerrant truth, given for us men and our salvation, direct from God, the author thereof, through the agency of a circle of duly selected prophets and apostles, prepared to deliver it with unerring precision, being immediately inspired by God. This truth was kept pure in all the ages, so that the Church declared the Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek translated carefully into our tongue to be thoroughly authentic. He defined the word "inspired," as understood by the Presbyterian Church, by quoting: "The common doctrine of the Church is, and ever has been, that inspiration was an influence of the Holy Spirit on the minds of certain select men, which rendered them the organs of God for the infallible communication of his mind and will. They were in such a sense the organs of God that what they said, God said." There he declared that the Church was willing to rest, without further assertion as to modes and processes. Dr. Craig closed his sermon with a reference to the rising question of the reunion of the Presbyterian Churches North and South.

The election of a Moderator absorbed the attention of the Assembly at the afternoon session of Thursday. The Commissioners met for this purpose at three o'clock, and it was after six when they filed out of the church, the work having been accomplished. It was the plan of the conservatives to place the Rev. Samuel A. Mutchmore, D.D., of Philadelphia, a tireless opponent of Dr. Briggs, in the chair. But it was found that the New York members of this party had a candidate of their own, the Rev. James Gardner, D.D., Moderator of the Rochester Synod of 1893. The troublesome questions of constitutional rights which had arisen in the Briggs trial were before this Synod, and the New York conservatives were perfectly sure of the temper of Dr. Gardner. But Dr. Gardner was not known in the West. And the moderate men in the Assembly came forward with a conservative who was well known, and who could command the confidence and respect of the entire Church. On the vote it was discovered that this man, the Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D., of Oregon, was in the lead, with nearly half the votes of the Assembly. The Gardner men were third in the summary of votes cast, and before the tellers were ready to report they made efforts to have their votes changed to Dr. Mutchmore's

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column. The Moderator favored them, and the announcement of the tellers' count was delayed for fully ten minutes, while twenty or thirty Gardner men were struggling to have the tellers change their votes. The confusion of these ten minutes has never before been witnessed on the floor of a General Assembly. Finally order was restored. The Commissioners, by a vote, ordered the Moderator to call for the reading of the result of the tellers' count, and a second ballot was taken. The vote now was between Dr. Brown and Dr. Mutchmore. The latter was chosen, the vote being 281 to 269.

On Friday morning Moderator Mutchmore announced his committees. The retiring Moderator, Dr. Craig, was placed at the head of the Bills and Overtures Committee. The Judicial Committee, next in importance, should by custom have been given to Dr. Brown, as the unsuccessful opponent of the Moderator. But Dr. Brown was overlooked and Dr. Gardner was named as Chairman. The explanation given for this breach of the law of custom was that Dr. Brown was a student at Lane Seminary under Professor Smith, whose appeal would come before the Judicial Committee. All the committees were made up of men known as stanch conservatives.

The special Committee on Church Unity and Federation, together with the Committee on Co-operation and Comity, made their reports on Friday. The Rev. Joseph T. Smith, D.D., of Baltimore, has been in charge of the Unity Committee since its appointment in 1887. Reports have been read to each Assembly since, and there has been a growing discontent manifest with the Committee's work in each succeeding Assembly. The interest was revived somewhat last year when the Committee reported its interesting correspondence with the General Convention's special Committee, of which Bishop Coxe is the Chairman. From this the Committee gathered the hope that the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church would grant its clergymen the right to exchange pulpits with Presbyterian ministers. The General Assembly saw no way to reach actual Church unity with the Episcopalians except on the basis of reciprocity, and as there was promise of this the Committee was permitted to live. This year the Committee was not able to show any further progress, but Dr. Smith explained that the General Convention had held no session during the year, and would hold none until October, 1895. An answer, therefore, to the reciprocity proposal which Bishop Coxe's Committee had entertained, was not to be expected before the meeting of the General Assembly in May, 1896. The Committee asked to be continued to await this answer. The Assembly, after listening to a fervent appeal from the venerable Dr. Smith, took this action, instructing the Committee to have no further negotiations with Bishop Coxe until the General Convention's answer was received. The plans for Church federation were heard from the same Committee. They were in line with previous recommendations, to establish a large Central Assembly in which all churches having the Presbyterial form of government would have representation. This report was placed on the docket. The report on Confederation of Churches in the Home Mission fields, for the grouping of stations under advice of representatives of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches and the Congregational Church, was read by Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of New York. The recommendations met with decided opposition from the Home Mission Commissioners, and from some of the leading ministers from the East. A substitute, which if adopted would have ended the work of Dr. Thompson's Committee, was offered. Dr. Thompson made a brilliant defense of his report, and the substitute was defeated. The recommendations for further steps towards co-operation in mission work were referred to the Committee on Church Polity, which is supposed to be unfriendly to the scheme.

The report of the special Committee on Theological Seminaries, which was appointed at Portland immediately after the failure of the conference of the Detroit Assembly's Committee and the Directorate of Union Theological Seminary to come to any agreement on the Briggs matter, was the order for Friday afternoon. It was the fear that Union would break entirely with the General Assembly, and thus would be lost the richest and most important of these institutions. The Committee was instructed to confer with the directors of all seminaries of the Church, to take into consideration the whole subject of the relations of the Assembly to its seminaries, and report such action as would result in a still clearer relation between the seminaries and the Assembly than that which now exists. The then Moderator, W. C. Young, President of Center College, Kentucky, was named as Chairman of the Committee. Dr. William E. Moore, Permanent Clerk of the Assembly, and the author of Moore's "Digest of Presbyterian Law," was one of the Committee. The leading seminaries were represented by ministers or elders. The Committee held many meetings. At Washington they reported the results of their examination of the relations of the Assembly and the seminaries, but made no recommendations as to the mode of procedure to obtain the desired closer relations. The Assembly listened to the report, and ordered the Committee to continue their work as laid down by the Portland Assembly. The work of preparing a plan was then taken in hand by the Committee, and many more meetings were held. They agreed to four principles which were to be followed in the plan which was to be recommended, and then appointed a committee to draw up the plan. Early in 1894 the Committee reassembled at Cleveland to consider the draft of the plan. At this meeting opposition developed, and a minority report was prepared. Both reports were read on Friday, and the matter was laid over for debate. The majority report is signed by the conservatives, and the liberals unite in support of the minority report.

The majority report proposes radical changes in the charters of all the existing seminaries. As the seminaries are civil corporations organized under the laws of the several States, and are perfectly independent of the General Assembly except in certain particulars, the Assembly is without power to enforce its recommendations. The report, therefore, recommends that the Assembly "requests" the seminaries to make the changes. The changes, if made, will give the Assembly absolute control over the property and teaching of the theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church. They are, in brief, that the boards of trustees or directors of the seminaries shall hold their funds and property in trust for the Church for the purpose of theological education according to the standards of the Church, and that no part of the funds and property so held in trust shall be used for any other purpose than for theological education in the doctrines set forth in the standards of the Church. The election of trustees or directors must be subject to the approval of the next General Assembly. The election, appointment, or transfer of members of the faculty cannot take effect, nor can a professor or teacher be inducted into office, until the Assembly has approved of the election. All professors or teachers shall be either ministers or members in good standing of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Provision is made for the enforcement of the terms of trust and of the veto power by the General Assembly in any civil court having the necessary jurisdiction.

The minority report presents the argument that the Assembly has no power to exercise such control as is proposed by the majority report. It cites the proceedings of previous Assemblies where such control was attempted, and shows that it was abandoned for constitutional reasons. It defines the powers of the Church, of visitation, of approval of seminary annual reports, of aid and advice to students, of the examination of candidates for the ministry, and of control over the ministers. The minority, therefore, recommend that the Assembly advise the seminaries to fill their chairs with ministers who are under the control and subject to the discipline of the courts of the Church, and who will submit to such control. Seminaries are further advised to strengthen their charters so as to prevent the alienation or misuse of their endowments, if such strengthening is necessary.

Dr. Young opened the argument for the majority report on Saturday morning. He recited the history of the Committee, and then yielded the floor to Elder McDougall, of Cincinnati. Mr. McDougall made a strong plea in behalf of the resolutions. He showed that while the resolutions, if adopted, could not be enforced upon unwilling seminaries, yet their effect would be to notify the Presbyterians that money given to seminaries failing to make the proposed changes in their charters would be at the risk of the donors as to its misuse or alienation. He declared that, as the seminaries came to the Assembly for aid and recognition as approved schools of theological instruction, it was perfectly constitutional for the Assembly to say on what terms they should receive this patronage. Dr. Moore presented the case of the minority. He restated the constitutional argument as outlined in his report, showing that the majority had made the mistake of supposing that the Assembly was the Church. The argument will be resumed on Monday morning.

Resolutions were reported Saturday by the Committee on Bills and Overtures, for the appointment of a committee to conduct correspondence with a committee of the Southern Church looking to an organic reunion of the Churches North and South.

The Committee on Judicial Matters is ready to report on the appeal from the Synod of Ohio of Professor Henry Preserved Smith, convicted by the Cincinnati Presbytery of heresy on account of his support of Dr. Briggs. This report will be read at the opening of the session Monday. It will find the appeal in order, and recommend its entertainment by the Assembly. It proposes a plan of procedure for hearing the appeal. Professor Smith and the Prosecuting Committee are to have each four hours to state the case. The Synod of Ohio will have two hours; after which each member of the General Assembly will have opportunity to be heard.

A. M. D.

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Correspondence

Why Not Demonetize Gold?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

To uninstructed minds it seems plausible that the truer and simpler bimetallism would be where the commercial nations were divided into two camps, one using gold, the other silver, rather than where it was sought to force the two metals to circulate side by side in the same nations. In either case the two metals would form the base for the currency of the world.

In other words, why would not the *demonetization of gold* by one or two leading nations be an effective antidote for the evils resulting from the demonetization of silver by a portion of the commercial nations? What are the evils to be dreaded as flowing from such a course, and why are they to be anticipated? Let us have a clear, explicit article upon this subject. It cannot fail of doing good.

H. D. I.

The form of bimetallism proposed by our correspondent—gold monometallism for one half of the commercial world and silver monometallism for the other—would, in the end, furnish an adequate currency and put an end to the continuing fall of values. Nevertheless, it is neither the truer nor the simpler form of bimetallism. To demonetize gold would reduce our legal-tender money from $1,600,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, and it would be years before enough silver could be mined and coined to make up the deficiency. The immediate result for this country would, therefore, be a violent fall of prices; while for Europe it would be a violent rise, since $600,000,000 of gold demonetized here must go there. The remonetization of silver, on the other hand, without demonetizing gold, would simply add about $100,000,000 a year to the world's currency; very gradually expanding its volume everywhere.—THE EDITORS.

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Silver—From a Farmer's Point of View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One of the strong arguments against silver by monometallists is the "cheapness of silver."

Is silver, if we except gold, coin and bullion, any cheaper than it ever was?

Will not an ounce of silver buy as many pounds of rice, tea, spices, and dried fruits as ever it would?

Will not an ounce of silver buy more cotton, wheat, wool, and the manufactured products of the same, than at any time in the history of modern times?

Will not a hundred ounces of silver buy as much farm land, pay interest on a loan for as long a period of time, or buy as good a horse, as ever it would?

Is it not a fact, despite all the unfriendly legislation against silver in Europe and the United States, that an ounce of silver to-day will provide as many of the common conveniences and comforts of life as at any time prior to 1873, if we except two items—labor and taxes? Rates per cent. of interest, of income on stocks, and of transportation, have kept pace, not with gold, but with silver. The prices of all manufactured articles have obeyed the same law. So also have the products of the farm.

Was there ever a time when an ounce of silver would purchase as much good literature—books especially—as to-day?

Will any monometallist presume to fix a date when the depreciation that has been so steadily taking place in the great world of values for the last quarter of a century will cease—beyond which we may expect a constant fixedness of values?

I will venture to say: No man whose opinion is backed up by a knowledge of practical affairs, whose daily employ brings him in contact with the real condition of monetary affairs as they are to-day, would presume to be so rash.

On the other hand, if you can gain his confidence, or if he tells you what he really thinks, his tale nine times out of ten will be that mystifying disclosure, "lack of confidence," which applied to practical affairs means, Why buy to-day? to-morrow it will be cheaper.

To assert that a given article is cheap when an honest and impartial comparison with all the other articles in which men vest the idea of property discloses the fact that the one article singled out has, and is, in spite of unfriendly legislation, holding its own, is, it seems to me, as unwise as it is unjust. Since the Great Rebellion labor has enjoyed a degree of prosperity such as the world never before saw. Gold and labor were "partners," so to speak. But, unless I misinterpret the signs of the times, Jacob has outwitted Esau. They have come to the parting of the ways. Labor must and will take its place alongside of silver.

If you doubt my statement, think for a moment: What is the measure of the farmer's prosperity? Is it not the prices received for his wares—his cotton, wheat, wool, horses, and the like? If he is a prudent man, he will live within his income, be that much or little. The effect of his economy is very noticeable. Merchants, manufacturers, and the railroads are not slow to trace the cause of their troubles to the farmers' ability, or lack of ability, to support them. Gallons of ink have been spilled in an endeavor to pat the farmer on the back, at the same time assuring him that these low prices have come to stay, and he, poor fellow, must make the best of it, and be content. Reuben Hayseed is not a dolt. He is shrewd enough to know that if eggs are only worth a nickel a dozen, the nickel received must be made to do its utmost when he comes to spending it.

If his income in good times was six hundred dollars, to-day it is approximately three hundred and fifty, and that amount must cover the year's expenses. If silver is cheap, so also are farming, manufacturing, and railroading cheap; and, if the foreclosure of mortgages on these three kinds of property is any index of their prosperity, they are also unprofitable.

Upon these three labor is largely dependent. Is it to be expected that our industries will continue on, year after year, profitless?

Vain expectation!

Organized labor is as responsible as Wall Street for the present state of affairs. One provided the brains, the other the ballots: both with a common end in view—their own selfish interests. Each will have to bear its part of the burden. The one in "lack of confidence," worthless stocks, bonds, mortgages, idle factories, etc.; the other in "fifty-six-cent dollars" or their equivalent—enforced idleness, riots, poverty, and suffering.

Meanwhile, Farmer Hayseed, having gone through the "sweat," will sit on the fence and watch the procession go by.

A. W. G.

Eureka, Kan.

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"The First Protestant Church in America"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A sketch which appeared in a recent number of The Outlook, describing the discovery of some ancient millstones, supposed to belong to the first grist-mill of New Amsterdam, which was the seat of the first church organization of New Netherland, has called forth several letters criticising the statement made therein that this was the first evangelical church organized on American soil. The letters cite the histories of the Jamestown and Plymouth Colonies as affording instances of earlier church organizations.

The writer wishes, in the first place, to disavow any other purpose in preparing the brief sketch for The Outlook than to record in a public journal a discovery bearing upon the situation of the old Peter Minuit grist-mill and church building. The well-known incidents from the history of the mill and the organization of the church were brought forward merely as a setting for the story of the millstones. But a re-examination of all the documentary evidence bearing upon the ecclesiastical affairs of the Dutch Colony, and a consideration of the facts of the Virginia and Massachusetts Colonies, leads the writer to no change of opinion that the city of New York has a just claim to the honor of being the home of the first and oldest church organized on the American continent. The Plymouth Colony had no settled minister until the arrival of Ralph Smith, in 1629. Their claim is that the "church" existed from the date of the landing, having been transported with the colonists across the sea. But the same may be said of the Dutch colonists. The services in the Plymouth Colony differed in no essential particular from those at Manhattan. Each established stated service in the best form possible under the rules of their respective faiths, in the absence of an orthodox, commissioned, ordained minister. It is on such a theory, that a church may be carried bodily over land or sea, that the Roman Catholics place the origin of their New York church in Governor Dongan's time. Some even are so bold as to fix its beginning in the chance visit of the Jesuit refugee Isaac Jogues, who was entertained so hospitably by Gov. Kieft.

But no one fixes such early services as the beginning of the Protestant Dutch Reformed Church of New York City. The claim to priority rests on the organization accomplished by Domine Michaelius, and described by him in his letter of August 11, 1628. Until the discovery of this letter by the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, the origin of the Dutch church was fixed at 1633, although it was known that visitors to the sick were here long before that time, bearing authority from the Classis of Amsterdam to assemble the people for worship and to read to them from the Scriptures and from the Heidelberg Catechism. So strong were these uncertain references to an earlier church, that Dr. John Henry Livingston, who knew nothing of Michaelius or his letter, says (Memoirs, p. 79): "Documents of a private nature render it certain that a considerable church was organized in 1619. A document is still extant containing the members in full communion of the Church of New York, dated 1622." (See "Christian Intelligencer," p. 3. January 29, 1831.)

The Michaelius letter relates a very different occurrence from anything recorded under an earlier date at Plymouth or at Jamestown. It tells of the arrival at the Colony of an orthodox ordained minister, definitely commissioned by a regular body and under the direction of a recognized ecclesiastical institution, to come to New Netherland and to plant there a branch of an established Church. This minister was received by the civil authorities on his credentials, and authorized by them to proceed. He admitted certain members of the Colony into full communion, recording their names on a roll. Some he received on certificate, some who had lost their certificates on reports of neighbors as to their church connections, and some on confession of faith. The church thus constituted continued without a break in services or succession of ministers for two hundred and sixty-six years. It is in existence to-day, and from it has sprung one of the most important denominations in America. The documentary proofs of its entire history are accessible. These are supported by State and city documents, and are further supported by many local facts, all of which have been carefully collected and examined. Briefly stated, the writer's claim is this: The New Amsterdam Church is rightfully the first because it was constituted on American soil by one having authority, and it continues to-day unchanged.

ALBION M. DYER.

New York.

The "other side" of the question raised is set forth succinctly in the following letter:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

An article in your issue of recent date, entitled "The First Protestant Church in America," should be materially modified in some of its statements, or called, The first Protestant church in your city. It entirely ignores the previous existence of church life in Virginia and Massachusetts. According to statement of King's "Handbook of the United States," (p. 849), "The London Company sent out, in 1607, 105 colonists under Newport, Gosnold, and John Smith; and they settled at Jamestown on the James River, where a ruined church tower alone perpetuates the memory of the city." In 1610, Lord Delaware came to the relief of this struggling colony; and even before reading his commission, divine service was held. In the next year we find a code of laws which maintains the dignity of the clergy and compels daily attendance upon the regular services of the Church of England. When, in 1619, the first colonial assembly meets, it is in the church edifice.

It is well known that the settlers of Plymouth in 1620 brought to this land a thoroughly organized evangelical church. Very early in the history of the Colony, they built, upon what is now Burial Hill, a structure which was both fort and meeting-house, in which they regularly gathered for the worship of the Lord. In view of these familiar facts of history, is it not wide of the mark to say that the "first evangelical church of the American continent" came into being in New York City in 1626? Furthermore, what authority is there for assuming that neither in Virginia nor in Massachusetts was the Lord's Supper celebrated before Protestant congregations until 1628? Is it conceivable that in the Southern colony, with the clergy at hand, and the full ordinances of the English Church in force, the Lord's Supper was for nearly twenty years omitted? New York City can rightly claim neither the first Protestant church organization nor the first church edifice in our country.

REV. JOHN L. SEWALL.

—

A Plea for Christian Science

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Thirty years ago above the horizon loomed a new idea. In her text-book, "Science and Health," the discoverer gives the date of this idea's advent into her consciousness as 1866; its publication being copyrighted later. Subsequent to Apostolic days, I find no previous record of such a healing method. In-

Dyspepsia Vanished

Salt Rheum and Intolerable Itching Also Cured

"Dear Sirs: Three years ago I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, which the doctors told me was of the very worst kind. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and can say that after taking two bottles my complaint quite vanished and I have not been troubled since with dyspepsia. I have not had any distress since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I also had

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

salt rheum on one limb, with intolerable itching. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my blood has been purified and I am quite well. I praise the medicine at every opportunity." THOMAS SCRIVENS, Hyde Park, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

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stances abound of saintly exemption from untoward fleshly conditions; this immunity being attributable to Stoical philosophy or exalted faith, operating by a process apparently incommunicable to others - not analyzable in the crucible of cause and effect, but regarded as specially personal dispensations.

New Testament wonders are pronounced mere proofs of Messiahship; and to hope for their repetition, even on a smaller scale, is considered blasphemous. Christian Science asks if all the Saviour's manifestations may not have been rooted in his sense of infinite Love, whereby he strove to teach others his healing rules, which God would confirm by signs following. In his name should they drink poison unharmed and heal the sick. The worst devils were wolves in sheep's clothing, wizards making merchandise of truth, false Messiahs prophesying lies; but these demons were expelled, and Jesus thereafter affirmed, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Christian Science shows how mortals, while still in the flesh, may abolish the claims and ills thereof. Obeying the ethical law in thought as well as deed, believers understand that Christ's crown was won at the close of his earthly career; that, as Jesus left no corpse for worms, a similar triumph should grace perfect manhood. As, after Jesus's burial, he talked, ate, grieved, Christian Science declares this condition to be an important element in his God-sent demonstration. In our great exemplar we do not find death involving cessation from human emotions, nor can we infer that our common death-experience is like this. None of us die and rise like Jesus, who did not regard heaven as the outcome of death, but death as the last enemy to be overcome. According to Christian Science, the Master's miracles are as orderly and interdependent as mathematical axioms—steps upward from fleshly control; but they are not vicariously profitable. We must tread the wine-press for ourselves, and every step must be taken in sequence. The first is honest thought; the second, moral courage; the third, unselfish purpose. Then the way is open toward that elevation of sense arising from the contrite heart. Rejecting any Christly foundation-stone, we build on sand.

Like Peter, some Scientists may think they can now walk on the sea because Jesus once did so; that, if he forsook the tomb, they need never enter it; but the thirty-third Masonic degree is not conferred before its thirty-two predecessors.

Our world sneers when practitioners fail, but ancient scoffers derided Christ's success. Popular religion inculcates a hope in immortality, but leaves man horribly uncertain about his body, dismayed by the yawning grave. How different Jesus's victory!

Christian Science says, "Be Christlike, and ye, too, may authoritatively rebuke disease," assuring us that we may outgrow a legion of evils.

Could the Magdalene convey her salvation to other sufferers, or must each apply individually to Jesus? If the latter, small hope is there for such as never beheld him corporeally.

It seems reasonable that one immaculately born could heal others of sin and disease; but if Christian Science, discerned by one ordinarily begotten, can rise to equally saving heights, may not this suggest the greater works predicted by Jesus?

Understanding his own spiritual and physical freedom, the Christian Scientist can impart the knowledge to honest students. It is idle to declare the present achievements of this healing school too insignificant for respectful attention. Ignorant and unprincipled adherents may trail its standard in the dust, but wait! The ring of genuine coin will vibrate in the listening ear. The relation of mind with mind involves the moral responsibility of each to all. That hackneyed phrase, "Mind over matter," implies Job's sublime statement: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God." Of another aphorism, "No sensation in matter," the real meaning is: There is no pleasure or success in wrong-doing, present results to the contrary notwithstanding. There are noble physicians and clergymen, better fitted for royal healing robes than many who parade Christian Science diplomas. When imminent death or sin quickens the sharp cry for aid, this may be the opening window for divine strength. If in any Christian Scientist there are increasingly regenerating signs, to that shrine will come the famished, because the wheat and oil are there. Beulah's richness once gained, from its plenitude the needy may be filled.

JOSEPHINE C. WOODBURY.

The Name of God

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Dr. Abbott's notes on the International Sunday-school lesson for May 27, in The Outlook of the 19th inst., are good from the standpoint of tradition. Recent investigations show, it seems to me conclusively, that no such verbal declaration was ever made to Moses. The 14th verse of Ex. iii. is a late interpolation, and Professor Max Müller contends that the interpolator borrowed it from the "Ormazd Tasht." (Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XXIII., p. 23.)

Zarathushtra said unto Ahura Mazda: "Reveal unto me that name of thine, O Ahura Mazda! that is the greatest, the best, the fairest, the most effective," etc. Ahura Mazda replied: "My name is the One of whom questions are asked," etc.: "*visastemo ahmi yat ahmi Mazdan nama*"—"the twentieth, I am what I am, Mazda by name."

Max Müller has made out a strong case. See "Theosophy, or Psychological Religion," pp. 49-56. It seems that we read too much into many of the Old Testament expressions, especially Ex. iii., 14. It is the province of criticism first to find what the author meant. Is it not true of everything that it is what it is? or, as Addis translates, everything will be what it will be?

J. W. CALDWELL.

Cardin l Monaco La Valetta, whom rumor persistently declares to be a notable papal possibility, is a monk, pure and simple. It is said that he never reads the papers. This, while not fatal to his hopes so far as Italians are concerned, would hardly be acknowledged by American Catholics as a marked sign of grace.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Notes and Queries

There are in our little town a number of thoughtful men and women who are interested in the study of the Bible in the light of the Higher Criticism. We are thinking of banding ourselves together for this purpose. The Sunday-school lessons do not supply our need. We are searching for something better, higher, broader. We desire to study the Bible from its spiritual side, to find in it that which will lead us to a higher life, that shall show itself in practical results in making us better neighbors; better citizens, truer friends. We would be glad if you could suggest any books that would be helpful to us in this direction.

F. A. R.

For the double object in view—knowledge of the Higher Criticism and spiritual benefit therefrom—we recommend Dr. R. F. Horton's "Revelation and Inspiration," Dr. T. K. Cheyne's "Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism," Professor W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel," Dr. G. A. Smith's "Book of Isaiah." Dr. Cheyne's "Origin and Religious Content of the Psalter," his "Job and Solomon," and Dr. Ryle's "Early Narratives of Genesis."

Kindly give me references to books, magazines, or periodicals where I can get the best information on the theme of "Interdenominational Fellowship."

P. R. D.

See the March number of the "Review of the Churches," and our remarks on pages 498-499 of The Outlook for March 17. Professor Shields's paper, there referred to, has been published, in part, at least, in "The Churchman," New York. See also the "Congregationalist," Boston, April 26, for the proposals of the New Jersey Congregationalists, and the "Christian Work," May 10, on "Presbyterian Federation." See also the "Review of the Churches" for August and September, 1893.

I wish to study the evidence for and against the belief that the miracles recorded in the Gospels, above all the miracle of the resurrection, did actually occur. What do you consider the best information accessible to the general reader?

B.

You will find the whole subject gone over, pro and con, in the latest lights, in Dr. Bruce's "Miraculous Element in the Gospels," together with his "Apologetics," and in Dr. Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion."

1. Will some one recommend to me a child's botany, geology, astronomy, etc.? Is there a series adapted to children eight or ten years of age—of course to be explained by older people? 2. Why does Browning call his work "The Ring and the Book"? and in this poem what, exactly, was Guido's motive in working for his wife's downfall? Was there any law by which he could claim her dower if she became unfaithful, after Pietro proves she was not their own child?

P. M. B.

The extract beginning

"He who ascends to mountain-tops,"

about which your correspondent "A. R." inquires in The Outlook for May 12, may be found in Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto III., stanza xlv.

J. W. W.

The lines beginning

"Ah for a man to arise in me,"

should be credited to Tennyson's "*Maud*."

F. H. M.

Books Received

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Hardinge, E. M. With the Wild Flowers.

H. C. CADY PRINTING CO., HOLYOKE

Stevens, Orrin C. A Song of Companies and Other Poems. $1.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

De Mille, James. Cord and Creese. 50 cts.
Warner, C. D. Little Journey in the World. 75 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Lounsbury, T. R. History of the English Language. $1.12.

JOHN J. HOOD, PHILADELPHIA

Songs of Love and Praise. Edited by John R. Sweney and others.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Blake, James Vila. An Anchor of the Soul.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Thorold, Anthony W., D.D. The Tenderness of Christ. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Yeats, W. B. The Celtic Twilight.
Chaucer. Geoffrey. Complete Works (Boethius and Troilus). Edited by Rev. Walter W. Skeat. $4.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

E. V. A. In Maiden Meditation. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Dunn, George. Red Cap and Blue Jacket. $1.
Mr. M——. The Shen's Pigtail and Other Cues of Anglo-China Life. 50 cts.
Douglas, James. Canadian Independence. 75 cts.

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Rugg, Henry W., D.D. Our Word and Work for Missions.

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Call for Information

All readers of The Outlook who live near enough to call are especially invited to visit the Recreation Department and obtain its help in planning a summer trip anywhere. We are able in many cases to show photographs of the houses you may wish to know of, and a personal interview always enables us to give better information. You possibly have in mind just the kind of a place you would like to visit. If you will call (or write if you can't come) we shall be very glad to help you find it. We can help you plan a tour, tell you of connections, of ways to go by water or rail, and the hotels you will find *en route*. Almost any information you want in relation to summer travel can be given you. All subscribers are entitled to use the Recreation Department freely.

The Beauty of Niagara
can never be described, and it has never been pictured so adequately and satisfactorily as in the splendid portfolio just issued by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It contains fifteen large plates from the very best instantaneous photographs, which cannot be bought for as many dollars. All these will be sent for ten cents by Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent, Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Block, Chicago.

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The most centrally located hotel in the city, conducted on the European plan, at moderate prices. Recently enlarged by a new and handsome addition that doubles its former capacity. The new **Dining-Room** is one of the finest specimens of Colonial Decoration in this country. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

New York

"DOWIE HOUSE" WESTERN CATSKILLS

Summer and winter board; modern house; water; bath; excellent table; tennis, croquet For particulars apply to Mrs. CHAS. MOORE, Andes, Delaware Co., N. Y. Reference: Rev. Dr. Holley, Hackensack, N. J.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE Blue Mountain Lake N. Y.

TYLER M. MERWIN, Proprietor. Finest view of Lakes and Mountains in the ADIRONDACKS. Good boating and fishing. Free from Hay Fever. Open all the year. Terms reasonable. Send for circulars.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Open June 20. 3½ Hours from New York.
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE Co., Catskill, N. Y.

WOODMERE HOUSE and COTTAGE
CATSKILL, N. Y.

Beautiful drives; river, mountain, and intervale scenery. Send for circular. A. PARSONS, Prop.

BUCK MANSION, Summervale, finely situated in Adirondacks. Just the place for quiet country outing; everything insures healthful recreation. Address SAM'L BUCK, Crown Point, N. Y.

MAPLEWOOD HOUSE AND COTTAGES, Ellenville, N. Y.—Newly furnished and fitted with modern appliances. Milk, fruit, and vegetables from owner's farm. Large rooms; shady lawn. N. LEFEVER.

MT. MEENAHGA

In "the Shawangunks." Opens May 28th. A Summer Home in the midst of much natural beauty. Pure water; dry, exhilarating air; electric bells, gas, steam heat, and wood fires. People of refined and quiet tastes only solicited. U. E. TERWILLIGER, Ellenville, N. Y.

THE GLEASON SANITARIUM
ELMIRA, N. Y.

(*Established in 1852.*) Thoroughly remodeled the past winter; will reopen June 1st; all modern improvements; electric bells, elevator, gas, steam heat, sun parlor; all forms of baths—Turkish, Russian, Roman, and Electric; Swedish movements, massage. Location beautiful and healthy; 200 ft. above the valley and 1,000 ft. above the sea. Write for descriptive pamphlet. E. B. Gleason, Manager.

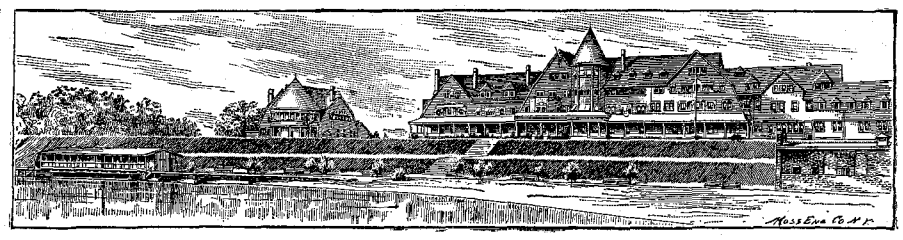
"INTERPINES"—A beautiful, quiet, restful "Home" for the nervous invalid; 60 miles from New York City; 800 ft. above sea-level. Appointments in every way desirable. Sanitation perfect.
Goshen, N. Y. FREDERICK W. SEWARD, M.D. Resident Physician.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

CAMP FOR TEN BOYS

over fifteen years of age, on the lake shore, between Port Henry and Westport. Private tuition given by experienced teachers. Boating, fishing, and excursions into the Adirondacks. WILLIAM TATLOCK, 2nd, Port Henry, N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Hulett's Landing Hotel, greatly enlarged and improved, offers excellent accommodations. Location is most attractive. Prices moderate. Prospectus sent on application to HENRY W. BUCKELL, Prop., Hulett's Landing, N. Y.



The Mettawas, Kingsville, Ontario

(30 miles by rail from Detroit, Mich., on North Shore of Lake Erie)

Admittedly one of the most homelike and charming summer resorts of the continent. Abundant means of amusement being provided in the Casino and grounds, the house itself always affords repose; while its proximity to the city of Detroit gives retirement without inconvenient isolation. At the same time its private beach and beautifully wooded property of several acres render it entirely free from the excursion features which are so often objectionable.
For fuller particulars, illustrated pamphlet, etc., address the manager,

A. C. COLEMAN, Everett House, Union Square, New York.

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How to Secure both in a Land of Sunshine and Abundance.

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COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

PROFILE HOUSE and Cottages

The largest of the leading Summer Hotels, with a patronage of the highest order, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequaled in New England. Open June 26th to Oct. 1st. For rooms address, until June 15th, C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Hotel Vendôme, Boston; later, Taft & Greenleaf, Profile House, N. H. Also

The Flume House

in Franconia Notch, five miles from the Profile House. Most desirable for families and parties wishing for a long season in the Mountains. Open June 1st to October 20th.

Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Open June 16 to Oct. 1. **SPRING HOUSE & BATHS** T. R. PROCTOR

New York

SILVER BAY

Most charming location on **Lake George.** Modern house, accommodates 100. No bar. Excellent table; fine boats and bathing; select company; the Sabbath is respected. References. Booklet sent.
J. J. WILSON, Silver Bay, N. Y.

CHILDWOLD PARK
Adirondack Mountains

Of 5,000 acres, containing Lake Massawepie, an attractive game, fish, and pleasure preserve. Guests of **The Childwold Park House** enjoy all its privileges. House has modern improvements. Open fires. Queen Anne **Cottages for rental.** WM. F. INGOLD, Manager. For information call or address H. F. GRISWOLD, Clerk, between 10 and 3, Room 10, World Bldg., N. Y.

The Ruisseaumont

Hotel and Cottages at **Lake Placid, N.Y. (Adirondacks).** For rent of cottages and terms please address T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ, Lake Placid, N. Y.
THE GEM OF THE ADIRONDACKS

Under-Cliff

Northern end of **Lake Placid, Adirondacks.**
A select family resort.
Comfort, excellence, refinement.
Circulars from Recreation Department, *Outlook.*

HOTEL WAWONDA
LIBERTY, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

U. S. MESSITER, Manager.

Reopens June 1. The finest located and best equipped house in Sullivan County; 2,000 feet elevation; accommodates 300; baths, electric bells, gas; running water, hot and cold; cuisine unrivaled; a perfect home; 650 feet of verandas; private balconies. Write for information.

New York

Long Beach, L.I.

Season of 1894

Within easy reach of New York and Brooklyn. Frequent trains; excursion rates. Hotel and beach unexcelled for summer resort, facing both the ocean and Great South Bay; surf and still-water bathing. Unlimited opportunities for boating, fishing, and all athletic sports. The best of service in all departments at moderate charges, with special rates by the season, month, or week. Choice rooms, exclusive of board, can now be selected at $100 for the entire season of 1894.

Board furnished on either the European or American plan. Transient rate, $3.00 per day.

A particular attraction at Long Beach this year will be the **SUMMER PARLIAMENT,** under the supervision of **REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.,** of New York, President.

If desired, we can furnish plans of cottages and estimates for complete construction ranging from $600 to $1,500, and are prepared to supply all material at cost, wholesale rates, for the benefit of parties proposing to build.

LOTS, 30x75 feet, averaging from $200 to $400 each, according to location, can now be secured for immediate or later building purposes.

The whole property will be under reasonable restrictions and oversight by the Association.

Music and other frequent popular entertainments will form a distinctive feature of the place.

Full particulars, maps, prospectus, etc., can be obtained by personal application or letter to the

LONG BEACH ASSOCIATION

No. 45 Broadway, N. Y. (Main Entrance)

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New York

ADIRONDACKS

The ALGONQUIN Lower Saranac Lake

Opens June first. Illustrated book at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, Astor Place.
JOHN HARDING, Prop., Algonquin, Franklin Co., N. Y.

NEW CITY, N. Y. Good plain board in the country. High elevation and good air. For rates and information address Mrs. JOHN EBERLING.

TOWER HOTEL NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

From tower view of thirty miles in extent and all points of interest can be seen. Rates, $2.50 a day. R. SINCLAIR.

The Cornish House

PINE HILL, N. Y.

Enlarged and refurnished. Strictly first-class. Terms, $7 to $15. Circulars from Recreation Dep't. J. C. Cornish.

The Inn at High Point

A high-altitude mountain resort. Scenery unsurpassed. New hotel. Lake, fishing, boating, livery, music, etc. No malaria, no flies, no mosquitoes; good water, good food, good air, we want good people.
CHAS. ST. JOHN, Port Jervis, N. Y.

GRAND ROCKLAND

Rockland Lake, N. Y.

Under new management; opens in June.
Select family hotel; mountain air; pure water.
Address T. THOMPSON, 258 Broadway, N.Y., Room 24.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN—Hotel Windsor. New management: many improvements; long lease; cool, healthy; no hay-fever, no mosquitoes; splendid family resort. **Best fishing in the State.** Reasonable rates. For rates, etc., address G. C. HOWE, Proprietor, Hotel Windsor, Rouse's Point, N. Y.

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all health appliances. Saratoga waters. Croquet, lawn tennis, etc. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

BRENTFORD HALL Spuyten Duyvil-on-Hudson

Twenty minutes from Grand Central Station, N. Y. Two hundred feet above the Hudson. Views of river and Palisades unsurpassed. I. H. GERRY, Prop.

CHURCHILL HALL

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Healthful, Homelike, Attractive. Enlarged for season of '94. Send for descriptive and illustrated circular with opinions of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott.
S. E. CHURCHILL, M.D., Stamford, N. Y.

"THE CATSKILLS"

The Greycourt Inn

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Electricity; spring water; cuisine unexcelled. Send for circular. S. J. BROWN.

The Hamilton House STAMFORD, N. Y.

All modern conveniences. Open all the year. Free 'bus. Send for circular. A. E. TALLMADGE.

HUBBELL COTTAGE STAMFORD, N. Y.

Open all the year. Excellent cuisine.
H. P. HUBBELL, M.D.

THE INGLESIDE STAMFORD, N. Y.

On Seminary Heights. First-class in all respects; excellent cuisine. Send for circular. E. O. COVEL.

Catskill Mountains

MT. VIEW HOUSE

STAMFORD, N. Y.

New and modern. Electric lights and bells. Now open. For circulars address B. McKILLIP.

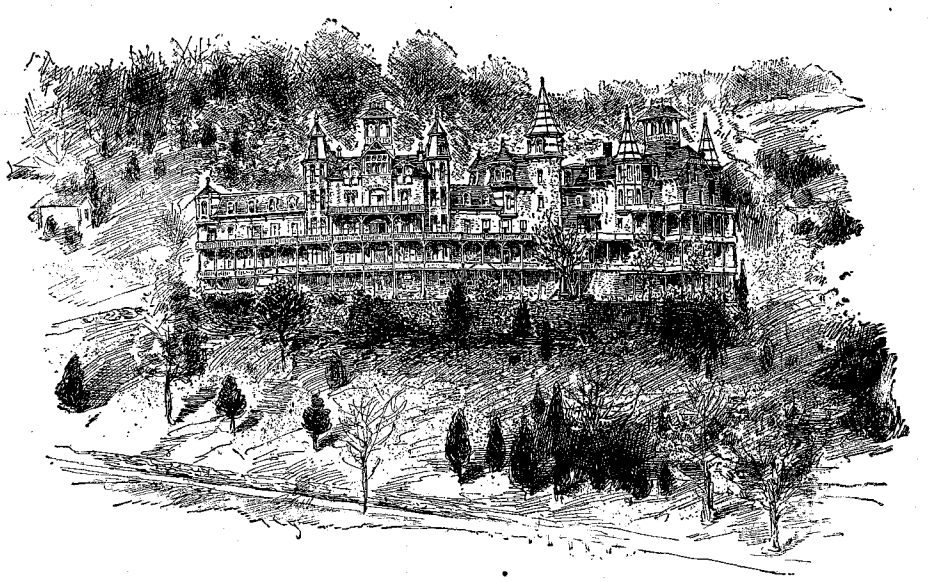
HOTEL RIPPOWAM and Cottages

Stamford on the Sound

50 minutes from New York. Hotel has all city conveniences. Extensive grounds and fine old shade; celebrated spring water; vegetables grown on place. Orchestra.
F. T. MacGEVERAN, Manager,
Late of the Seminole Hotel, Winter Park, Fla.

TERRY HOMESTEAD On a large farm, Stamford, N.Y.

Modern improvements. Extensive views. Excellent water. Write A. W. TERRY.



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We offer you

35 Years' Experience

One of the Best-Equipped Sanitariums

Most Delightful Location in the Mountains

Send your address for illustrated circular to

WALTER'S SANITARIUM WALTER'S PARK, PA.

New York

STAMFORD, N. Y. **THE WESTHOLM**

New House; Modern Improvements; Best Cuisine. Open May 1st. Perfect heating by improved hot-water system; pure air; large rooms. For information address Mrs. H. S. PRESTON.

COLUMBIA WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

Family hotel for comfort and health; easy of access; good rooms, table, and service; popular rates; sanitary plumbing perfect; special terms for May and June.
Send for circular to JESSE M. BUNDY, Stottville, N. Y.

MOORE'S HOTEL TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.

Finest scenery and falls in the world. OPEN MAY 16 to OCTOBER 15. Dr. Webb's Adirondack Railroad crosses the ravine above the hotel. Send for circular.
M. MOORE, Proprietor.

Oregon

PORTLAND, OR.—THE PORTLAND. One of the most complete and elegant hotels in this country; American plan; $3.00 per day and upward.
W. H. BARMORE, Manager.

Pennsylvania

BRANCH COTTAGE, Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Healthfully and delightfully located; high elevation; central to points of interest; terms moderate. Address for circular ELIAS COMPTON, Proprietor.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Pa.—Croasdale's Farm House. Open from May till November. Fresh milk and vegetables from farm. Large rooms; shady lawns; livery. E. T. CROASDALE.

THE GLENWOOD Delaware Water Gap, Pa. — Seventeen acres inclosed private grounds; hot and cold baths; electric bells; tennis, croquet; livery. Superior accommodations at moderate rates. Send for circulars. JOHNSON BROS.

NOW OPEN **THE KITTATINNY**

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.

This favorite Spring, Summer, and Autumn resort is less than three hours from New York, via D., L. & W. R.R. Send for circular to W. A. BRODHEAD & SONS.

Water Gap Sanitarium

High and dry among the mountains, near the celebrated Delaware Water Gap. Dry, clear, bracing air. No swamps; no malaria. 35 years' experience.
We treat all forms of sickness, and cure with excellent success the hardest cases. Use no drugs. Terms reasonable. Address for further information
WATER GAP SANITARIUM, Minsi, Monroe Co., Pa.

MONTEREY SPRINGS HOTEL

Summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Penna.

Will reopen June 10th

Magnificent scenery. Pure spring water. No malaria; no mosquitoes. New and modern sanitary arrangements. Special rates for June. Write for descriptive circulars.
M. A. & H. S. MILNOR, 330 N. Charles St., Baltimore.

Pennsylvania

RIDGEWOOD THE FAMILY SUMMER RESORT

70 acres of pines; bath; fresh vegetables, milk, eggs.
NOW OPEN.
Address Dr. W. H. SCHOLL, RIDGEWOOD, Reading, Pa.

HIGHLAND DELL HOUSE.—Open May to November; on Spur of Blue Ridge, between Delaware Water Gap and Stroudsburg; elevation, 1,300 feet; house heated by steam; capacity, 125. For circulars and rates address J. F. FOULKE, Stroudsburg, Pa.

WERNERSVILLE, PA.—Belle Alto, or Beautiful Height, overlooking the Picturesque Lebanon Valley. Soft spring water; pure mountain air. Healthfulness of location unsurpassed. Opens May 1st. Special rates. E. YENNEY, Prop.

Rhode Island

THE MATHEWSON

Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Finest location at the Pier. Hot and cold Sea Water Baths. Sanitary arrangements have been thoroughly renewed. Send for circulars and terms to 260 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Vermont

WATERBURY CENTER, Vermont

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE

will open June 4. Healthful location. Magnificent scenery. ELISABETH COLLEY, Manager.

TRAVEL

GOING TO THE COUNTRY?

Looking for some place which combines Health, Pleasure, Economy?

If so, send 6 cents for postage, or call and get free at offices below, the illustrated book, "Summer Homes." It gives list of hotels, farm and boarding houses, with

GOOD BOARD AT $5 PER WEEK

and upward, in Sullivan, Ulster, and Delaware Counties, on the main line and branches of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railway: 2,000 feet above the sea; location, prices, fares, &c., all in it; can be had free. In New York at Nos. 11, 165, 171, 212, 371, 944, and 1323 Broadway; 737 Sixth Ave., 134 East 125th St., 264 West 125th St., 251 Columbus Ave., 13 Astor Place, ticket offices foot of Franklin and West 42d Sts.; in Brooklyn, 4 Court St., 860 Fulton St., 215 Atlantic Ave., 98 Broadway, 253 Manhattan Ave., Greenpoint, or of J. C. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, 56 Beaver St., New York. On May 28, 29, and 30 excursion tickets for one fare will be sold at 371 Broadway and ferry offices, giving an opportunity of personally selecting a Summer home and also enjoying a day's fishing in this delightful region; tickets good returning May 31.

(*For other advertisements in this department see following page.*)

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Travel

WHERE SUMMER BREEZES BLOW

Would you fly if you could
To a glen in the wood,
To a spot in the shade
That nature hath made,
Rich with ferns and wild flowers—
One of nature's fair bowers?

What is life to the soul
If to labor is all?
What a joy to the heart
When for rest we depart
To the woods and the dells!

Does your heart cry for rest
In a place that is blest,
With no shadow or sorrow
Nor care for the morrow?

If so, send your address for a list of "SUMMER TOURS," published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Try a New Place This Vacation

Go to Nova Scotia

It's the ideal summer land—the land of bright days and cool nights, of health and rest, of surpassing scenery and romantic legend—the land of honest hospitality and (prosaic but important point) delightfully low rates for board. And the charming ocean sail from Boston to Yarmouth!—17 hours at sea.

A handsome new illustrated descriptive book, "Beautiful Nova Scotia," sent on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage. J. F. SPINNEY, Agent.

YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO.
43 Lewis Wharf BOSTON, MASS.

NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENIC LINE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

PACIFIC COAST TOURISTS SHOULD NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ROUTE

Summer Vacation

described in a **new illustrated book,** "SUMMER HOMES AMONG THE GREEN HILLS OF VERMONT AND ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN." containing **selected** addresses of the **Best Family Homes** for entertaining Summer Guests, at prices from **$4** to **$10** per week; also list of finest Hotels with prices and Excursion Rates. Out-door pleasures, fishing, boating, climate, and scenery, all unexcelled.

Mailed free on application to

A. W. ECCLESTONE or **S. W. CUMMINGS,**
S.P.A., 353 Broadway, New York. G.P.A., St. Albans, Vt.

Lake Superior Steamers

The Great Lake Route to all Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

SAILINGS FROM CHICAGO

For Mackinac Island, Petoskey, Bay View, Harbor Springs, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Duluth, and intermediate ports—Tuesdays 9 A.M., Wednesdays 8:30 P.M., Fridays 8 P.M., Saturdays 8:30 P.M, *Service first-class in every detail.* For illustrated folders, etc., apply to LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO., General Offices, Rush and North Water Sts., Chicago.

DO NOT RISK LOSS OF MONEY
when traveling anywhere in the world. Carry
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
Cashed everywhere without personal identification.
Value refunded if lost.

Precious Stones

The best opals come from Hungary.

Black pearls are the most valuable, then pink and yellow, then white. Pearls are steadily increasing in price; they cost three times as much as they did ten years ago. A pearl which could have been bought for $1,000 in 1884 is now worth $3,000.

The American turquoise is the best. In value this lovely blue jewel ranks below the diamond, ruby, or sapphire, but its popularity as a ring ornament never wanes. The Persian turquoise fades when exposed to light, and turns a dull green. Blue is the favorite color of the Persians.

Every jewel has a peculiar significance. Each is a favorite in a certain month of the year: January—Garnet, constancy. February—Amethyst, sincerity. March—Bloodstone, courage. April—Diamond, innocence. May—Emerald, success in love. June—Agate, health and long life. July, Cornelia, contentment. August—Sardonyx, matrimonial felicity. September—Chrysolite, antidote against madness. October—Opals, hope. November, Topaz, fidelity. December—Turquoise, prosperity.

The value of precious stones produced in the United States last year was $300,000. The export of diamonds from South Africa averages annually about $20,000,000. There are 25,000 diamond-diggers employed there. A diamond is a crystal of pure carbon, and as such is safe from injury by acids. It is very brittle; few precious jewels are more so. Only one pure blood-red diamond has ever been found.

The topaz is nearly transparent. The yellow topaz comes from Saxony, the white from Siberia, the pale blue from Brazil. False topaz is yellow quartz. Chrysolite, too, is often used to imitate topaz. The topaz was once one of the most popular of precious stones in fashionable use, but it has declined much of late years in the public estimate of its beauties.

These are the weights, given by a statistical authority, of the six largest known diamonds: Koh-i-noor, 103 carats; Star of Brazil, 125; Regent of France, 136; Austrian Kaiser, 139; Russian Czar, 193; Rajah of Borneo, 367.

The red variety of garnet is the most common, but violet, green, and white garnets are not altogether rare. Bohemian garnets are dark blood-red in color, and in the larger sizes are very valuable. Cinnamon rubies, so called, are garnets.

Except in color, the sapphire is the same stone as the ruby, but less rare. When of fine quality it is as valuable as a diamond of the same size. The choicest shade is blue.

The breastplate of the High Priest, as described in the forty-ninth chapter of Exodus, was made of gold, blue, purple, and scarlet. Upon it were set four rows of precious stones. In the first row were topazes of various varieties. In the second row there were an emerald, a sapphire, and a ruby. In the third row there were an agate and an amethyst. In the fourth row were a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper. They were inclosed in ornamental work of gold, the girdle being held together by strands of linen.

The ruby is, next to the diamond, the most valuable of precious stones. The most popular is "pigeon's blood." The color varies from rose to crimson. The ruby, jewelers say, is extensively imitated. The Brazilian ruby is a topaz; the Cape ruby is a garnet. The true ruby will scratch either of them, and may be thus distinguished.

Travel

NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

These new tourist resorts are best reached by the splendid modern-built steamers "Olivette," "Halifax," and "Florida," of the **Canada Atlantic** and **Plant Line,** the only direct route from Boston. Write or apply for rates, sailings, tours, etc., to J. D. HASHAGEN, 261 Broadway, New York; RICHARDSON & BARNARD, General Agents, 20 Atlantic Ave., Boston, or Recreation Dept., The Outlook.

RUBIFOAM

CLEANSES, PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH.

A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Our Mothers Say:

Comfort Powder

Cures
Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chafing, Burns, Pimples, Sunburn, Itching, Tender Feet, Infant Chafing, and Scalding.

Send 4c. in stamps for sample. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, postage paid.

COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Use Comfort Soap for Hands and Complexion. 25c.

The best silver plated ware is marked

1847 ROGERS BROS.

On Spoons, Knives and Forks.

This Trade Mark On all other articles. MERIDEN B'TA COMPANY

Always look for these marks.

For sale by dealers everywhere. Made by the Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn.

Nervous

Are you, can't sleep, can't eat, tired, thirsty? Blood poor?

It's a tonic you want—

Hires' Rootbeer.

This sparkling, exhilarating, and refreshing drink, while being far more agreeable in bouquet and flavor than the finest wine or champagne, is at the same time unlike them, being free from alcohol.

A temperance drink for temperance people, delicious and wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate.

Package makes five gallons.

Ask your storekeeper for it.

Take no substitutes.

Send 2-cent stamp to Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, for beautiful picture cards.

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Self-Help at Smith College

By Mary E. Gorham

While the majority of girls at Smith College have what Solomon prayed for—neither poverty nor riches—there are nevertheless many excellent students who are crippled for means, and who, while perhaps able to meet the main expense of board and tuition, find it difficult to provide for books, clothing, and the fluctuating but unavoidable item of "incidentals." Such girls seldom leave their talents buried in a napkin; and it is interesting to note how shrewdly they turn their modest gifts to account.

There is, of course, the usual amount of private tutoring; but this falls chiefly in the way of upper-class girls who have shown marked ability along the lines in which such instruction is demanded. As this is a matter of regular demand and supply in all colleges, it needs no special comment here, for it is with the more original methods of putting "tin in the till" that this article proposes to deal.

The location of Smith College, in the heart of a small city, makes available some outside opportunities that students of more isolated institutions cannot secure.

One young woman, who was a well-trained organist, presided at the largest church organ in town during her entire college course. Other girls, with cultivated voices, have filled, from time to time, positions in local choirs. When the daughters of music are brought low in funds, they "sing a song o' sixpence." Young women of experience in teaching, and a considerable amount of grit, have sometimes secured positions in the city night-schools; but as these schools are largely patronized by boys and young men who labor by day, and who are often untrained in manners as well as in mind, such a position is no sinecure. Only a girl of exceptional physical endurance and disciplinary ability can carry the double load of school and college work with safety, and none with advantage to her own record as a student.

Two young ladies, light of foot and pocket, carried on successfully a dancing-class for small children. To catch them tripping among the little folks was an unfailing source of amusement with the fond mammas. This graceful method of *footing* one's expenses will commend itself to those who demand womanliness first of all.

Now and then a girl whose gifts are less ornamental than practical is able to offset her board by domestic work in a private family; but it is so difficult to adjust household duties to a schedule of recitations that the plan is not often practicable. A more satisfactory arrangement has sometimes been offered by a lonely old lady who considers her room and a student's company fair equivalents.

One girl whose water-colors show marked artistic talent has found a ready sale for them among her mates, as well as among the townspeople. Some of her fellow-students, with kindly social instinct, made her summer sketches the feature of an afternoon tea last term, and thus secured for her a large number of orders.

It may be remarked in passing that there is a noticeable spirit of helpfulness among the students at Smith. Plutocratic snobbishness is entirely absent, and a girl rather gains than loses socially by a frank avowal of poverty, as her courage in facing the situation commands the ready sympathy and admiration of her comrades.

A genius for fancy-work has brought one student many orders for Christmas presents, for German favors, and for the gorgeous banners waved by enthusiastic partisans at college ball-games.

Another girl who is a good plain seamstress has made great numbers of the voluminous long-sleeved and high-necked aprons in which the chemistry students conceal their graceful figures. This fall two students who had learned the art of dressmaking executed a heavy order for gymnasium suits. Another girl, who can tie a bow with the knack of a French milliner, exercises her skill, for a consideration, on the head-gear of her friends. It was she who resorted to the primitive method of barter, and, by trimming a hat, secured a coveted sketch from the water-color girl, who, in her turn, was (literally) in high feather at the exchange.

Extra pin-money is often secured by helping at odd times in the college and public libraries; by the rent and sale of second-hand text-books; by copying, and by reading for fellow-students with troublesome eyesight.

A young woman with a picturesque kink in her hair, a pair of gypsy eyebrows, or what a recent dialect-writer terms "a lovely-turned jaw," may turn these attractions to her pecuniary advantage by posing for the students of the art school. While outwardly in statuesque repose, she does not, however, like the damsels in Patience, "think of nothing at all," but sets her brain a-brewing over a coming thesis or a half-forgotten lecture.

Frequently the bulletin-board blazons the craft of the amateur confectioner, whose patrons have discovered that one's sweet-tooth is as well satisfied with "home-made" as with Huyler's, and at far less expense.

The reader may fancy that the sums realized by these various efforts are too insignificant to offset much necessary expense; but, fortunately for the straitened sisterhood, "girls' wishes run in a brisk current," and to satisfy these wishes, however trifling, is to have frequent and lively employ. "Penny wise" is not of necessity "pound foolish," and she who despises not the day of small things may have the wherewithal to meet her own day of reckoning.

Mendicancy, says the London "Daily Telegraph," would appear to be almost as profitable in the outlying suburbs of Paris as in the city itsel , where beggars sometimes die leaving substantial legacies behind them for their next of kin. Victor Hayet, aged forty-nine, was supposed to be one of the most destitute and almsworthy inhabitants of Joinville-le-Pont, where he dwelt in a hovel by night and begged on the roads by day. For the past week he had disappeared from sight, and the police, having been communicated with, went to the hut, burst open the door, as there was no answer to their knocks, and found Hayet dead on the floor inside. His body showed no marks of foul play, and it was clear that the man had died suddenly from heart disease. In a dirty cupboard of his miserable room was found a parcel of bank-notes amounting in value to £720. The mendicant's dog was heard howling in the cellar. The animal was half mad with hunger, and it choked itself eating a lump of bread thrown to it by the policemen.

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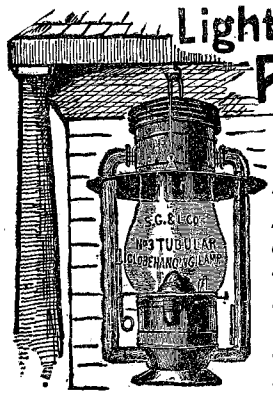

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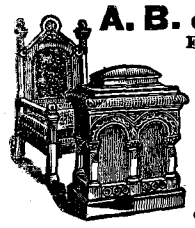

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The Business World

The Stock Market Last week's stock market was wholly overshadowed by the enormous and frantic dealings in sugar, caused by news from Washington as to the new phases which the Tariff Bill is assuming relative to that industry. The American Sugar Refining Company's stock closed at 94, making a decline for the week of 11½, and from top prices of 15½ points. In connection with the recent fluctuations in sugar, it is significant reading that "Congressmen, officials, clerks, doorkeepers, and employees have gone wild over speculation in it. Everybody who was in a position to get a tip from committee-rooms traded on it and gave it to their friends. . . . A good deal of money made in it in some quarters. Notes made or indorsed by Congressmen or officials have been plentiful in brokers' offices and bucket-shops." In addition to the influence from legislation, it is said that manipulators are shaking the price down to a figure so low that the insiders (who, of course, sold out at high quotations) will again take hold and make more millions in bulling sugar. For railway properties the market was a heavy one, as will be noted by such declines as 6 points in Manhattan Elevated, 5 in Wheeling and Lake Erie preferred, 4 in Missouri Pacific, and 3 to 3½ in Omaha, New England (this concern selling at the lowest price yet recorded), Louisville and Nashville, Erie preferred, and St. Paul. There is a long list of stocks down 1 to 3 points. The general decline was to a certain extent influenced by the failure of the Miners' Conference in Cleveland to come to any satisfactory agreement, by the Western freight-rate demoralization, and by the decline in wheat. Nor have the last-published railway reports been such as to favor higher prices. The total March net loss is now known, and is larger than was that of the preceding month, or that of January. The few reports of April net earnings at hand show even a greater loss than in March, and this loss may be intensified this month by the coal famine. For the year's first quarter, railway gross earnings have declined slightly over $10,000,000 a month, and net earnings about $2,500,000 a month.

Lowest Wheat Price on Record The lack of expected influence from the Government report (which induced, instead, exactly the contrary tendency), the nearness of the new harvest, the continued good weather favoring a large crop, and the unpleasant tidings from abroad that our low prices have not stimulated foreign purchases, were evident factors in producing the grain market's full sympathy with the sorry state of things in the stock market. Liquidation was extensive enough to force the price of wheat to 53 cents for May deliveries at Chicago. This is the lowest level ever reached in the history of the grain trade. It is a quarter of a dollar less than that of a year ago, and both farmers and dealers are naturally inclined to think that their pessimism has been entirely justifiable. Corn, oats, and hog products are also weaker. From July 1 of last year to May 11, 1894, we exported 151,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour, as against 169,000,000 for the corresponding period a twelvemonth since; but of corn the story is reversed, 57,000,000 bushels going out, as against 31,000,000 a year ago. Realizing that she can no longer compete with America and India, Great Britain seems ceasing to be a wheat-producing country. Indeed, four-fifths of the wheat supply afloat is headed for England. Last year about a hundred and fifty thousand acres were withdrawn from cultivation and turned into pasture, and compared with 1873 the decline is nearly two million acres. Last year's British wheat crop was only 50,000,000 bushels, as against 77,000,000 bushels in 1892 and 79,000,000 in 1891. Coincident with this there has been, as in France, an increase in market gardening and fruit farming, that for last year being over three thousand acres. Dairy products, also, are imported from abroad which ought to be largely had at home, and which would somewhat retrieve the fortunes of the British farmers. Even in Australia some lands may revert to pasture, since the farmers there are getting only 43 to 45 cents a bushel for their wheat.

The Money Market The six and a half million net gold exports of the past week make a net total of nearly $30,000,000 to date. In consequence the Treasury's holdings have been brought down to somewhat over $82,000,000, and the possibility of a new bond issue is being discussed. In spite of gains through the interior movement of currency by these gold shipments, the New York City banks lost last week $1,870,300 in cash resources. Deposits declined nearly a million dollars, and loans nearly half a million. The loss in surplus reserve brings the total amount held in excess of the law's requirement down to $78,999,125. Money on call remains at about 1 per cent. Time money has felt some of the influence towards short-date contracts. Rates are at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 for a longer period. Some of the banks have advanced the rates for long mercantile paper; 2½ per cent. rules for choice indorsements, 2¾ to 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day bills receivable, 3 to 3½ per cent. for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ to 4 per cent. for prime four to six months' single names, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. High-grade material continues scarce. The foreign exchange market has been firm, with plenty to do in current remittances, travelers' credits, and bills drawn against exports of gold. The posted rates for sterling were $4.88½ for sixty-day bills and $4.90 for demand, actual business being done at a cent less. During the week silver bullion declined 1¼ cents, but subsequently recovered most of it.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal The famous old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has cost the State of Maryland millions of dollars, and until a few years ago was controlled by the political machine which dominates that State. Latterly, however, there has been a better order of things, and expenses have been reduced nearly one-half of what they were when the politicians managed the canal. There are about 200 boats running, and the amount of coal transported last year was 340,000 tons. The canal's capacity is limited by a tunnel under the mountains seven-eighths of a mile long, and in which boats cannot pass each other. For this reason, not more than a million tons of coal can be transported through it in any season. When the organization of the new company was recently announced, it was stated that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was interested in it, and that if the canal did not pay better when operated by electricity than under the old system, the ditch would be filled up and tracks laid for a coal road. The substitution of electricity for mule-power, however, will, it is believed, determine its continuance as a waterway.

The Russian Ruble It can hardly be determined where pure speculation begins and legitimate trade ends, even in official dealings with the Russian ruble and its paper equivalents. The Imperial Minister of Finance is none the less bent on checking speculation in paper money, wagon-loads of which used to be conveyed back and forth between Petersburg and Berlin. Accordingly, it has just been established that for the next three years no one will be permitted to carry or send more than 3,000 rubles (about $2,000) without paying one copeck (a ruble contains 100 copecks) for every hundred rubles above that sum. Paltry as seems this duty, it would not, of course, prevent capitalists or bankers from carrying or forwarding all they desired, were it not for another provision. As in each case the frontier officials are obliged to note all particulars, the names of those habitually paying the duty will become known, and stringent supplementary duties, already determined upon, will be put in force against them. Aside from these severe regulations on commercial folk, the already very annoying frontier regulations to travelers and tourists will now be doubly exasperating.

Street-Car Propulsion In reply to the offer of a prize of $50,000 by the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York for the best invention for street-car propulsion, over five hundred plans have already been submitted. Governor Flower has signed a bill authorizing the State Railway Commission to be the judges of the inventions submitted, and to award the prize. The Company desires to find some electric system which will supplant both the cable and the trolley. At present the Siemens & Halske method is being experimented with, a system now in operation at Budapest. It is a conduit road which has achieved much practical success.

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Good Deeds

—More than a hundred superannuated preachers have been supported by the bounty of Judge Harris, who recently died at Athens, Ga. The Judge employed his wealth during his life to found schools, colleges, churches, and philanthropic institutions, instead of leaving bequests for such foundations. Only too often such bequests fail either of carrying out the benefactor's purpose or of accomplishing the highest good. The princely legacy left by the late Samuel J. Tilden to found a library in New York City is a case in point.

—A genuine heroine was Juliet Henshaw, the trained nurse who has just died at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. Two years ago, during the cholera scare, when the call was made for volunteers to nurse patients at Swinburne Island, this brave woman was the first person to respond, knowing that the chances were against her ever coming back alive. Her executive ability was soon as apparent as her scientific knowledge and skill, and to her was fitly given the overseership of all the nurses. Her work in this responsible position was so thorough that the mortality at her post was lower than has ever been known in any hospital during a cholera epidemic. This wonderful nurse slept but three hours out of the twenty-four, and then in the pest-house, for she never left the building. She inspired her patients with hope; she strengthened the hands of the other self-sacrificing women, and she filled the physicians with enthusiastic admiration.

—Mr. William H. Webb was born in New York City in 1816. Before he was fifteen years old he built a paddle-boat, and at twenty was able to criticise, with sound sense, the Boston Navy-Yard's dry-dock, the first of its kind in this country. He then became one of the best-known American ship-builders. But, whether seeking theoretical or practical knowledge, he met with many difficulties. At an early age, therefore, he determined that if in any way he could ever aid young men quickly to obtain correct technical information about ship-building he would do so. This purpose was a chief incentive to the accumulation of an adequate fortune, and the result is seen to-day in the magnificent structure at Fordham Heights, on the Harlem River. Mr. Webb's endowment of the institution, in site, buildings, and cash money, has been fixed in the trust deed at $2,000,000, and he has recently transferred to the trustees certain real estate properties from which is derived a large yearly return. The trustees are, besides the founder, Messrs. James M. Brown, President of the New York Hospital; Charles Stewart Smith, late President of the New York City Chamber of Commerce; Charles H. Cramp, ship-builder; Richard Poillon, yacht-builder; Henry Steers, William P. Trowbridge, Columbia College; Andrew Reed, shipwright; Thomas F. Rowland, President of the Continental Iron-Works; and Stephenson Taylor, engineer. In striking appearance the building is surpassed by no similar structure. It is about eighty feet wide by a hundred and sixty long, and its great tower rises a hundred and twenty feet into the air. The institution's chief feature is in its lavishness of gift to its inmates. Not only will instruction be absolutely free, but also board, lodging, laundry-work, and hospital attention. Nor will the gift be confined to helping young men to become skilled artisans. Old and decrepit ship-builders will also find as generous provision for them as do the young students. The donor has set aside a part of the structure as free homes for these aged ship-builders and their wives. Every one will agree with Bishop Potter that a man should be prouder of his birthright as an American citizen because of such deeds as this.

Origin of the Dollar-Mark

There are five theories of the origin of the dollar-mark ($), they being, says a writer in the St. Louis "Republic," selected from about twenty seemingly plausible solutions: 1. That it is a combination of "U. S.," the initials of the United States. 2. That it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called a "piece of eight." 3. That it is derived from a representation of the pillars of Hercules, consisting of two needle-like towers or pillars connected with a scroll. The old Spanish coins marked with the pillar device were frequently referred to as "pillar dollars." 4. That it is a combination of "H. S.," the ancient Roman mark of money unit. 5. That it is a combination of P and S, from peso duro, signifying "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts peso is contracted by writing the S over the P, and placing it after the sum. According to one writer (whom I had thought not to quote when the head-line was written), the symbol of the dollar is a monogram of the letters "V," "S," and "J," the dollar being originally a "thaler," coined in the valley of Sankt Joachim, Bohemia, and known as a "Joachim's thaler," and the monogram the initials of the words, "Valley Sankt Joachim." A writer, in giving his opinion of "Reason No. 3," as given above, says: "The American symbol for dollar is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the origin of the sign, of course, must be looked for in associations of Spanish coins. On the reverse of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar is a scroll with the inscription 'plus ultra.' This device, in course of time, has degenerated into the sign which at present stands for American as well as Spanish dollars, '$.' The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle, in mythologic lore."

Measure of Value

An old Confederate Army chaplain, the Rev. J. H. M'Neilly, tells a story which he thinks may be especially appreciated in these times of financial stringency. In January, 1864, he was in camp at Dalton, Ga. He had just been paid off in depreciated Confederate currency, and much of it was in one-dollar bills—red-backed pieces of paper six or eight inches long and about three inches wide.

When a soldier is paid, he wants to buy something to eat; so, as I had heard of a man who was selling ginger-cakes in a camp about a mile away, I went at once. I resolved to spend a whole dollar in gingerbread. My memory recalled with delight the generous square that I used to buy for five cents from the old cake-woman when I was a boy.

I found my man. He had constructed an oven on a hillside, and he baked gingerbread in one cake about three feet square. I imagined that my dollar would buy about a whole square. Probably it would exhaust his stock. So, with an air of riches, I handed him my redback and said:

"Give me the worth of *that*."

He wasn't disconcerted in the least. He took my dollar, laid it on his square of cake, cut out the exact size of the paper, and handed it to me.

I knew then why money is sometimes called a "measure of value."

We regret to record the death of Mr. Thomas Niles, a member of the firm of Roberts Brothers, and one of the oldest book publishers of Boston. Mr. Niles was born in New York City in 1825. He died at Perugia, Italy. For sixteen years he was a clerk in the house of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. James Osgood took his place when Mr. Niles retired to go the publishing firm of Whittemore, Niles & Hall. From there he entered the house of Roberts Brothers, in 1872 becoming a partner. Mr. Niles was noted for his generosity to authors. His energy and tact in putting their books on the market made more than one young writer's name famous. He was also a great believer in English books, and imported editions of which the reprinting would not have paid for itself. He also did much to popularize the works of Jean Ingelow, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and Sir Edwin Arnold in this country.

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About People

—It is said that Mr. Luke Smith, of Acton, Mass., is the only man living whose father was at the battle of Lexington.

—Five United States Senators were born in foreign lands: Messrs. Jones and Pasco in England, Mr. Walsh in Ireland, and Messrs. Macmillan and Gallinger in Canada.

—Mr. Henry W. Ogden, who has been nominated to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Blanchard as United States Senator, is a native of Missouri, but after the close of the war, in which he served as a Confederate, he settled in Louisiana and became a cotton-planter.

—As long ago as 1838 the "War Governor" of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, who is now in his seventy-eighth year, was a popular orator, and in 1848 was one of the Presidential electors on the Zachary Taylor ticket. His influence in securing Lincoln's election is well known.

—One of the schoolmasters of the House of Representatives is Congressman McCleary, of Minnesota, who for many years was Professor of Political Science in the Minnesota State Normal School. Mr. McCleary is the author of a number of text-books which are widely used.

—The Rev. C. A. Bartol, the friend of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday. A friend says: "His step is light, he talks as directly, and his mind is as intellectually vigorous as when he used to thrill old Boston with his pulpit eloquence from the old West Church. He takes long walks and drives for exercise, and he told me his health was excellent."

—In "La Vie Contemporaine" the veteran publicist, author, and ex-Premier of France, M. Jules Simon, tells of his former poverty in Paris, where as a young man he had an income of twenty cents a day. This paid for a room on the sixth floor and its furnishing of a mattress, a coverlet, two pairs of sheets, a few towels, a rough wooden table, and two cane chairs, also for a penny roll in the morning and a twelve-cent dinner at night. What a vivid contrast to his golden evening of life, when the popular and beloved author of "Mon Petit Journal" commands "top prices" for anything he may choose to write!

—Sir Charles Tennant, of Glasgow, the father-in-law of the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, the Home Secretary, owes his baronetcy and his appointment as British Museum Trustee to Mr. Gladstone. Sir Charles is at the head of a great chemical firm which owns the tallest chimney in Scotland. Even before Mr. Benson's "Dodo" appeared, Miss Margot Tennant was probably the most talked-of girl in London. It is to be hoped that she does not altogether represent Mr. Benson's hardly attractive heroine; indeed, it became necessary for the author to write a letter of apology to Miss Tennant for having to a certain degree modeled his very *fin-de-siècle* creation after her.

—The career of the late Lord Bowen, who has just died at the early age of fifty-eight, was a remarkable one. At Oxford he both made his mark in athletics and carried off every prize in scholarship. While he did not neglect his profession, he became a frequent contributor to the "Spectator" and to the "Saturday Review." In 1870, when Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was Attorney-General, he appointed Charles Bowen his "devil." The proper name of the legal devil is Junior Counsel to the Treasury. The Tichborne trial was on, and Bowen did a great part of the work. His ability as a pleader was then well known, and in 1879 he obtained the Bench appointment to which his deviling for the Attorney-General was a pretty sure stepping-stone. In 1882 he became a Lord Justice of Appeal, and last year he succeeded the late Lord Hannen as Lord Ordinary of Appeal. His success as a judge was only equaled by that he gained as a wit; indeed, we have from him the now classic phrase, "Truth will out, even in an affidavit."

—The death of Princess Hedwig Radziwill recalls the renunciation of her rank and opportunities when she became a Sister of Mercy, and her noble labors at Potsdam, near Berlin, where, until very recently, she has been in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital. Her death will also recall that of another Princess Radziwill, for whose sake Emperor William I. was ready to abandon his crown, if need be, in his determination to marry her. For five years he resisted all persuasions, entreaties, and threats from his own family and from his Ministers of State. But finally the monarch succumbed, and submitted to a marriage to Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar, who well knew that she was a wife only in name. That she understood how, finally, to win the Kaiser's deep and lasting love, shows her to have been a woman of rare tact, and her influence as Empress was of the highest value in every department of philanthropic and altruistic endeavor. But to the end of his life the old Emperor kept a member of the Radziwill family near him, as adjutant, or in some other intimate capacity.

The Duty and Value of Patriotism

In an address by Archbishop Ireland, before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, New York, April 4, 1894, he said: "This country is America; only they who are loyal to her can be allowed to live under her flag; and they who are loyal to her may enjoy all her liberties and rights. Freedom of religion is accorded by the Constitution; religion is put outside State action, and most wisely so; therefore, the religion of a citizen must not be considered by voter or executive officer. The oath of allegiance to the country makes the man a citizen; if that allegiance is not plenary and supreme, he is false to his profession; if it is, he is an American. Discriminations and segregations, in civil or political matters, on lines of religion, or of birthplace, or of race, or of language—and, I add, or of color—are un-American and wrong. Compel all to be Americans, in soul as well as in name; and then let the standard of their value be their American citizenship."

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Obituary

Andover Seminary has once more been called upon to part with one of its members—this time from among its student body. On the evening of May 10, at his home in Mount Vernon, O., Mr. George P. Martin passed to his eternal rest. Born in Mount Vernon, December 15, 1865, he graduated from Oberlin College, June, 1893, and last September entered the Junior Class of Andover Seminary. The severities of a New England winter united with an already impaired constitution to bring on consumption, which claimed its victim after a ten weeks' illness.

Mr. Martin was a man of sterling character and of great promise. His intellectual and spiritual powers were far above the average. His loss will be deeply felt, not only among his large circle of intimate friends and college associates, but by a smaller circle of Andover associates who had just come to know his many admirable qualities. The Seminary of which he was a member, the ministry to which he had looked forward, and the foreign field toward which his eyes were bent, have lost a noble, consecrated life.

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Bits of Fun

"I am on the trail again," said the old scout when he trod on the woman's dress.—*Florida Times.*

The people who wish they were dead are awfully careful, we have noticed, of what they eat.—*Atchison Globe.*

Wright—My life has been a failure. Garner—Then you had better get some rich girl appointed receiver.—*Truth.*

"I fear," said the postage-stamp, when it found itself fastened to a love-letter, "that I am not sticking to facts."—*Newark Ledger.*

A suburban paper, reporting a meeting of a Woman's Dress Reform League, says: "Thirty odd women were present."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"It may be easy to read a woman like a book," says the Manayunk philosopher, "but you can't shut her up as easily."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"What's this card in your pocket, John?" asked his wife. "That? Oh, before I went to lunch that was a bill of fare. Now it is my table of contents."—*Press.*

"Did you tender your resignation?" said a man to an ex-office-holder. "I resigned by request, sir; but there was nothing tender about it. It was tough, sir."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Does your artist friend paint portraits true to life?" "He did at first, but he has learned better." "Indeed?" "Yes. The first two or three commissions he executed were so true to life that the sitters refused to take the pictures."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Young Housewife—Have you any nice chickens? The Poulterer—Yes, ma'am. The Young Housewife—Well, send me a couple in time for dinner, and I want them with the croquettes left in, do you understand?—*Chicago Record.*

Of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta, three wrote their names and twenty-three made their mark. This is all changed now. Every baron can write, but only a few succeed in making their mark.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What is your line of business?" whispered the editor to a man he was about to introduce to Northern capitalists. "I hauls furniture," huskily came the reply. "Here, gentlemen," continued the editor, "is Mr. Jones, one of the moving spirits of our city."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Oh," said the lady lecturer, "I have had such a delightful conversation with the gentleman you saw bow to me as we left the train. He told me that the emancipation of woman had been his life-work for ever so many years." "Yes," said the woman who had come to meet her, "that is so. He has been a divorce lawyer ever since I could remember."—*Washington Star.*

The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus tells a story of two New England old ladies who were overheard in conversation to the following effect: "Hev you met that Miss Perkins yet?" "Yes; I was interduced to her yesterday." "To what sect does she belong?" "To the Universalist sect, I believe." "To the Universalist sect? An' what is their belief?" "They believe that all human souls will, eventually, by the grace of God, be redeemed." "Oh, they do, do they? What bigotry!"—*Chicago Record.*

A young minister had gone to the home of his boyhood to preach, and, of course, the villagers were full of curiosity to hear him. At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young preacher's wife in conversation. "It was a strange coincidence," said he, "that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in his pulpit." "Indeed!" said the lady; "well, that was strange. I hope," she continued, "it wasn't the same sermon." "Oh, no," said the deacon, in a deprecatory manner: "his father was a dreadful smart man."—*Epworth Herald.*

Not long ago, Edmund Russell dawned upon a certain Western city, and the Blanks gave a large reception. Among the plans for the entertainment of the guests was a scene from "Macbeth," rendered by a young woman of local elocutionary fame. The head of the family was not informed of this especial part of the programme. At the proper moment the young woman personating Lady Macbeth appeared at the end of the drawing-room, dressed in a trailing robe of white and bearing a light. She moved slowly forward, an expectant hush falling upon the assemblage. The host looked up, saw, and wholly misunderstood. He hesitated only a moment, then hastened forward with hospitable zeal. "Why, Miss Smith, good-evening; I'm very glad to see you. May I relieve you of your candle?"—*Boston True Flag.*

In the Organ-Loft

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

They toi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin.

She paused, and the tenor took up the strain:

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn, red-haired young man with a somewhat worldly-looking eye and a voice like a fog-horn, broke in:

Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nay-ay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus:

Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther } do they spin.
Nay-ay-ay-ther
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not.
Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther } do they spin.
Nay-ay-ay-ther

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn:

And am I yet alive?"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Justice!

The story is told that an English lady, walking down the Lung Arno, in Florence, missed her purse. The suspicious movements of a man in front made her boldly demand the stolen property. Too amazed to refuse, the thief actually handed over the purse. Indignant at such broad-day robbery, the lady stopped an elegantly dressed gentleman and, in excited tones, began to pour out her grievance. Merely waiting to hear "That man stole my purse," the gallant Italian rushed after the thief, who promptly took to his heels. They had a good run before the thief could dodge his pursuer. The sun of a summer day did not help the polite Florentine to keep cool; so, red-faced and out of breath, he turned back to meet the English lady with profuse apologies. "Madame, I am very, very sorry, I did my best, but your purse is gone." "Oh, no!" she replied, sweetly, "I have my purse. I got it back from the man." "Got your purse back! Per Bacco! What did you want, then?" "Want! Why, I want justice." It was too much even for proverbial Italian urbanity, and, almost choking with sudden wrath, he gasped out, "Justice! To think I should have run myself into a perspiration for justice!"

This recalls the story told of one of our Tammany city justices, who, after having listened to the arguments in a civil suit, remarked profoundly, "Yez may all go away and come again this day week. And then those of ye as deserves justice will get it, and those as don't, won't."

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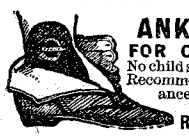
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WANTED—By a young lady of experience, position in private family for the summer as music teacher. Violin, piano, or ensemble. Daily supervision of pupils' practice. References exchanged. For terms, etc., address H. Z., No. **6,388,** care of The Outlook.

TWO LADIES OF REFINEMENT, sisters, would like position for summer—clerk, correspondent, bookkeeper, lady's companion, or care of small children. Seashore preferred. Address the Misses MARSH, 255 North St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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